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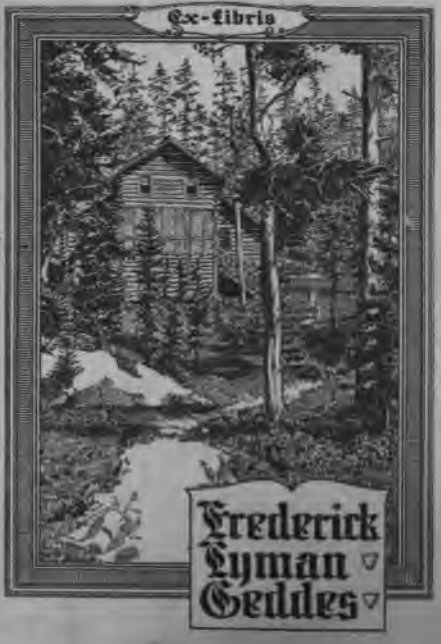
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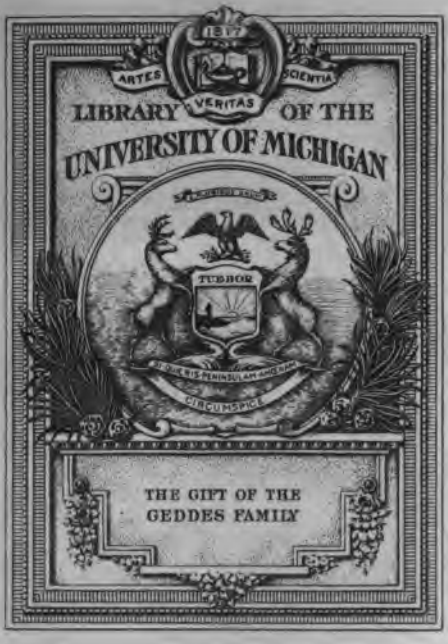

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BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XXXII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON; W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON; A. STRAHAN; R. FAULDER; G. AND W. NICHOL; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; W. LOWNDES; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; R. LEA; DARTON AND HARVEY; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON AND CO.; CLARKE AND SON; G. KEARSLEY; C. LAW; J. WHITE; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; LANE AND NEWMAN; R. D. SYMONDS, J. BARKER; WYNNE AND CO.; POTE AND CO.; J. CARPENTER; W. MILLER; S. BAGSTER; T. BOOSEY; R. PHENEY; R. FLOYER; J. MURRAY; R. HIGHLEY; BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; J. HARDING; R. H. EVANS; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOKER; J. ASPERNE; J. HARRIS; H. EBERS; AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

1808.

Gift of the
Goddess Family
4-6-32

CONNOISSEUR.

N° 94——140.

——Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.——

HOR.

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THE

CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

N° 94. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

—— *Militavi non sine gloriâ.*
HOR.

I too from martial feats may claim renown,
The Censor and Dictator of the town.

AS I was going through Smithfield the other day, I observed an old fellow with a wooden leg, drest in a sailor's habit, who courteously invited the passer-by to peep into his raree-show, for the small price of a halfpenny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well suited to the times, and quite in character for himself: for among other particulars, with which he amused the little audience of children that surrounded his box, I was mightily pleased to hear the following:—"There you see the British fleet pursuing the French ships, which are running away—There you see Major-General Johnson beating the French soldiers in America, and taking Count Dieskau prisoner—There you see the Grand Monarque upon his knees before

King George, begging his life." As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder, that every method is taken to inspire us with a love of our country, and an abhorrence of the French king: and not only the old seaman with his raree-show, but the public theatres have likewise had a view to the same point. At Drury-Lane we have already been entertained with the Humours of the Navy; and I am assured, that at Covent Garden Mr. Barry will shortly make an entire conquest of France, in the person of that renowned hero Henry the Fifth. And as the English are naturally fond of bloody exhibitions on the stage, I am told that a new pantomime, entitled the Ohio, is preparing at this last house, more terrible than any of it's hells, devils, and fiery dragons; in which will be introduced the Indian manner of fighting; to conclude with a representation of the grand scalping dance with all it's horrors.

While this warlike disposition prevails in the nation, I am under some apprehensions, lest the attention of the public should be called off from the weighty concerns of these papers. I already perceive, that the common news-papers are more eagerly snatched up in the public coffee-houses than my essays; and the Gazette is much oftener called for than the Connoisseur. For these reasons I find it necessary to lay open my own importance before the public, to shew that I myself am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Censor-General Town has done his country no less service as a valiant and skilful commander at home, than Major-General Johnson in America. Authors may very properly be said to be engaged in a state of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by those great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no less hardships in the service, than the common sol-

diers who are contented to be shot at for a groat a day.

It has been my province to repel the daily inroads and encroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invasion of foreign fopperies and French fashions. The town has been principally the scene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with, no less formidable than the Tquattotquaws or the Chickchimuckchis of North America. But as the curiosity of the public is so much engaged in attending to the enterprizes of old Hendrick the Sachem, and the incursions of Indians who have taken up the hatchet against our colonies, I am afraid that my exploits against the Savages, which infest this metropolis, will be wholly over-looked. I have, therefore, resolved to give my readers fresh advices from time to time of what passes here, drawn up in the same warlike style and manner as those very alarming articles of news, which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

Thursday, Nov. 13, 1755.

We hear from White's, that the forces under Major-General Hoyle, which used to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters at Arthur's. The same letters say, that an obstinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, in which one party gained a great booty, and the other suffered a considerable loss. We are also informed, that an epidemical distemper rages among them, and that several of the chiefs have been carried off by a sudden death.

They write from Covent Garden, that last week a body of Irregulars sallied out at midnight, stormed several forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a detachment from the allied army of watchmen, constables, and

justices, they were put to flight, and several of them taken prisoners. The plague still rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of Drury.

We hear from the same place, that the company commanded by Brigadier Rich has been reinforced with several new raised recruits to supply the place of some deserters, who had gone over to the enemy: but his chief dependence is on the light armed troops, which are very active, and are distinguished, like t Highlanders, by their party-coloured dress. T enemy, on the other hand, have taken several Swiss and Germans into pay; though they are under terrible apprehensions of their being set upon by the critics. These are a rude, ignorant, savage people, who are always at war with the nation of authors. Their constant manner of fighting is to begin the onset wi strange hissings and noises, accompanied with an horrid instrument, named the cat-call; which, like the war-hoop of the Indians, has struck a panic into the hearts of the stoutest heroes.

We have advice from the Butcher-Row, Temple-Bar, that on Monday night last the Infidels held a grand council of war at their head-quarters in the Robin Hood, at which their good friend and ally, the Mufti of Clare-market, assisted in person. Af many debates, they resolved to declare war agai the Christians, and never to make peace, till they hau pulled down all the churches in Christendom, and established the Alcoran of Bolingbroke in lieu of the Bible.*

All our advices from the city of London agree in their accounts of the great havock and slaughter made there on the Festival, commonly called my Lord

* Alluding to the dancers, employed in the entertainment of the Chinese Festival, at Drury-Lane theatre.

Day. All the companies in their black uni-
nd the trained bands in their regimentals,
general forage. They carried off vast quan-
chickens, geese, ducks, and all kinds of pro-

Major Guzzledown of the ward of Bassishaw
ished himself greatly, having with sword in
allantly attacked the out-works, scaled the
ounted the ramparts, and forced through the
ray of a large fortified custard, which seemed
nable.

nhabitants of Sussex have lately been alarmed
: apprehensions of an invasion; as the French
en very busy in fitting out several small vessels
ith stores of wine and brandy, with which it
ht they will attempt to make a descent some-
n our coasts. The independent companies of
ers in the service of France are to be sent on
pedition: but if the fleet of Custom-house
&c. do not intercept them at sea, we are pre-
to receive them as soon as they are landed.

divers parts of the country we have advice,
: roads are every where crowded with ladies,
otwithstanding the severity of the weather)
rying up to London, to be present at the meet-
he Female Parliament. At this critical junc-
e fate of the nation depends entirely on the
itions of this wise assembly: and as there are
to be many disinterested patriots in the House,
to be doubted, but that proper measures will
en by them for the good of their country.
alutary laws are already talked of, which we
to see put in execution; such as—A bill
oiting the importation of French milliners,
ers, and mantua-makers—A bill for the ex-
n of French cooks and French valets de cham-
A bill to restrain ladies from wearing French

dresses—And lastly, a bill to restrain them from we
ing French faces.
W

N° 95. THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1755.

Melle soporatum et medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit.———

VIRG.

The honey'd cake will lose it's sweetness soon,
And prove a bitter in the honey-moon.

AS every marriage is a kind of family festival, t
wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, a
distinguished like the fifth of November, the birt
days of the royal family, or any other public di
with many demonstrations of joy: the happy cou
are drest in their richest suits, the bells ring all da
and the evening is concluded with the merry ce
mony of throwing the stocking. But these festivit
are not always so religiously observed in town; whe
many a pair of quality are tacked together with t
utmost privacy, and immediately after sneak out
town, as if they were ashamed to shew their fa
after what they had done. In the country, when t
squire or any other person of distinction is marri
the honey-moon is almost a continued carnival; a
every marriage is accounted more or less likely to
prosperous, in proportion to the number of deer, ox
and sheep, that are killed on the occasion, and t
hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, with which th
are washed down. By the last post I received

account from my cousin Village, of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the splendour of the ball, and the universal joy of the whole manor. At the same time I received compliments from the new married couple, with a large slice of the bride-cake; the virtues of which are well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in possession of this nuptial charm before: but I was so much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind so many reflections on conjugal happiness, that (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occasion to the following dream.

I found myself in the middle of a spacious building, which was crouded with a variety of persons of both sexes; and upon inquiry was told, that it was the temple of the god of marriage; and that every one, who had an inclination to sacrifice to that deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of cakes of different shapes and appearance. Some of these were moulded into the form of hearts; and others were woven into true lovers' knots: some were strewed with sugar, and stuck about with sweet-meats; some were covered with gold; some were stamped with coronets; and others had their tops embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, or a coach and six. Plutus and Cupid were busily employed in distributing these cakes (which were all of them marked with the word Matrimony, and called bride-cakes) to different persons, who were allowed to choose for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I observed several hasten to the altar, who all appeared to be variously affected by their choice. To some the cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, that they imagined they should never be surfeited; while

others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it to be flat and insipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more (particularly among the quality) addressed themselves to Plutus, than to Cupid.

Being desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the croud, and placed myself close by the altar. A young couple now advanced, and applying to Cupid, desired him to reach them of the cakes, in the shape of a double heart pierced through with darts: but just as they were going to share it betwixt them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepp'd up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix upon another, which Plutus picked out for her, and which represented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt gingerbread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the business of the alley, next came towards the altar, and seemed to express a strong desire for a cake. Plutus, who recollected him at first sight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning Cupid for a cake of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients. The little god at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards sold it to him for a large sum of money; a circumstance, which amazed me beyond expression, but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize; and though I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it betwixt his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and enjoyed.

I was afterwards very much disgusted with the many instances that occurred, of these delicate mo-

being set up to sale: and I found, that their price rose and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or scarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the disposal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the altar, and had agreed to take between them a cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked love and competence; but a person of quality stepping forward persuaded the false female to join with him, and receive from Plutus one much more glittering, marked indifference and a large settlement. Another lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted by a cake with a red ribband streaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth-cake; but was prevailed on by a person of greater rank and distinction to accept a more showy cake, adorned with a blue ribband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next and begged very hard for a cake. She had before received several, which suited her tooth, and pleased her palate so excessively, that as soon as she had dispatched one, she constantly came to Cupid for another. She now seized her cake with great transport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could discern her greedily mumbling the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn out six and twenty of her teeth in the service. After this an ancient lady came tottering up to the altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat with a shoulder-knot. Plutus gave him a stale cake marked with the word Jointure in large golden capitals, which he received with some reluctance, while the old lady eagerly snatched another from Cupid, (who turned his head aside from her) on which I could plainly discover the word Dotage.

A rich rusty bachelor of the last century then came bustling through the crowd. He brought with him a red checked country girl of nineteen. As he ap-

proached the altar, he met several coming from it with cakes, which he had refused; some of which were marked Riches, some Family, some Beauty, and one or two Affection. The girl he brought with him proved to he his dairy maid, whom he had for some time past been in vain attempting to bring over to his wishes; but at last finding his design impracticable he came with her to the altar. He seemed, indeed, a little ashamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of aukwardness in his manner and deportment However, as soon as he had taken his cake, he retired and determined to spend the rest of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To satisfy a modest longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threescore. She had, it seems, heretofore refused several offers from Cupid and Plutus; but being enraged to find, that they had now given over all thoughts of her, she seized by the hand a young ensign of the guards, and carried him to the altar, whence she herself snatched up a cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taste of it at first; but her partner being very soon cloyed, she too late discovered, that the half which she held in her hand was signed Folly, and that which she had forced upon her paramour was made Aversion.

A little, pert, forward miss in a frock and hanging sleeves ran briskly up to Cupid, and begged for a cake:—what it was she did not care; but a cake she must and would have, of one kind or another. She had just stretched out her hand to receive one from Cupid, when her mamma interposed, sent the child back again blubbering to the boarding school, and carried off the cake herself.

An old woman, fantastically drest, then burst into the temple, and ran raving up to the altar, cry out, that she would have a husband. But the p

lady seemed likely to be disappointed; for, as she could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both Cupid and Plutus refused to favour her with a cake. Furious with rage and despair, she snatched one off the altar; and seizing on the first man that came in her way, which unfortunately happened to be myself, she would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the least crumb of it was as disagreeable as a drench to a horse, I began to spawl, and sputter, and keck; and though the flurry of spirits, which it occasioned, awaked me, I thought I had the nauseous taste of it still in my mouth.

W

N° 96. THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1755.

——— Sex parabur aut decem sophos nummis.
Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus, scirinique signatas
Custodit ipse virginis pater chartæ.
Mercare tales ab eo, nec sciet quisquam.

MART.

Would you the name of Author not refuse,
We've penn'orths for your penny, pick and chuse:
We've plays or poems, ready made for sale;
With wit and humour, wholesale or retail.
On these the public breath has never blown;
Buy them, and fairly claim them for your own.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AMONG the many register offices erected within these few years past, I am surprized that no scheme of the like nature has been thought of for the service

of literature; and that no place has been set apart, where literary commodities of every sort might be disposed of: where men of learning might meet with employment; and where others, who want their assistance, might be sure to meet with men of learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at present, except among the booksellers; who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engrossed the whole market to themselves. To remedy this inconvenience, my design is to set up a Literary Register Office: for which purpose I intend to hire the now useless theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and convert it into a mart for the staple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I shall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in supplying the public with the requisite manufactures. This scheme, will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility: and I do not remember any design of the same nature, except at a barber's on the other side the water, who has hung out a board over his shop with the following inscription——Letters read and written for servants and others.

I shall always have a fresh assortment of goods in the best taste and newest fashion: as of novels for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this branch I shall retain a very eminent master novellist, to cut out adventures and intrigues, and shall employ a proper number of hands, to tack them together with all possible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, choose to furnish their own materials for memoirs and apologies, they may have them done up, and be fitted exactly, at my office. Besides several others, which my men shall get up with the greatest dispatch, I can assure you I have myself worked night and day, and have already finished six and thirty

sheets of the history of Miss Sukey Sapling, written by herself.

Pamphlets of all sorts shall be composed, whenever any popular subject starts up, that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play shall be followed by an examen or remarks: all riots at either playhouse will afford scope for letters to the managers; and every new actor or actress produce theatrical criticisms. Poetry, you know Mr. Town, is a mere drug; but I shall always have a number of ready-made odes by me, which may be suited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I shall also have a large bundle of Poems on several Occasions, very proper for any gentleman or lady, who chooses to publish by subscription; besides a more ordinary sort of hymns to the morning, verses on the death of ——, odes to miss A. B. C. acrostics and rebusses, for the use of the magazines; to be sold a pennyworth, with allowance to those who take a great quantity.

With regard to law matters, as they have no sort of connexion with wit or learning, I shall not concern myself with their unintelligible jargon; nor presume to interfere with those authors in parchment, who measure their words by the foot-rule, and sell their writings at so much per line. However, I shall furnish young students of the several inns of court with complete canons of criticism, and opinions on any new theatrical cases; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-house. For medical subjects, I shall procure a learned graduate by diploma from abroad, whose practice will not so much take up his time as to prevent his being at leisure to write occasional treatises, setting forth the virtues of any newly invented powder or newly discovered water. He shall also draw up the advertisements for medicines, that remove all diseases, and are never known to fail; he shall compile the wonderful

accounts of their surprising cures; and furnish cases never happened, and affidavits that were never made With respect to divinity, as I have reason to believ that controversial writings will be often called for, intend to bargain with the Robin Hood society to dertake in the lump to furnish my office wi x of Lord Bolingbroke, &c. and till I can procure so poor curate out of the country, or servitor fr t university, to write the manuscript sermons of en n Divines lately deceased, warranted originals, I mu make shift with the Fleet-Parsons now out of l

Though I shall not keep any dramatic w s re made by me, (as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion,) yet either of the theatre may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a p who has long worked for the drolls at Bartl and Southwark fairs, and has even printed a comedy as it was half acted at Drury-lane. My tragedies be furnished by a North Briton, who walked t London from his native country last with a m lime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which now be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play Shakspeare or Ben Jonson shall be pieced with mo ones according to the present taste, or cut out in and recitative for an English Opera. Songs for n tomimes may be had, to be set to the clack of a the tinkling of a tin cascade, or the slaps of H quin's wooden sword. The proprietors of our p gardens, during the summer season, may be also plied from my office with love-ditties to a new bur or comic dialogues in Crambo; and words shall at time be fitted to the music, after the tunes are posed.

As I propose to make my office of g al every thing that bears the least y to

will be naturally comprehended in my scheme. Members of parliament may be supplied with speeches on any political subject; and country justices may, on directing a letter (post paid) to the office, have charges to the jury at the quarter sessions sent down to them by the first coach or waggon. Addresses on particular occasions shall be drawn up for the worshipful mayor and aldermen of any city or corporation: laws, rules, regulations, or orders, shall be formed for the Anti-Gallicans, Ubiquarians, Gregorians, or any other private clubs and societies. N. B. The Free Masons may depend upon secrecy.

Many advantages may likewise accrue to the polite world from the establishment of my office. Gentlemen and ladies may have *billet-doux* written for them with the most soft and languishing expressions: message cards, and invitations to routs, shall be filled up and circulated at so much per hundred, or undertaken in the gross at a fixed price all the year round. Beaux may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to send to their laundresses, or have them copied out in a fashionable female scrawl, and directed to themselves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penned for them in the true style and spirit of a modern blood.

There are many other conveniences arising from such an office, which it would be too tedious to enumerate: and it will be found to be no less beneficial to you authors, Mr. Town, than those other Register-Offices are to men and maid-servants. If an author (for example) wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but to enter his name with me, and I shall presently get him work; or if a bookseller wants a hand for any particular job, (as a translation-spinner, a novel-weaver, a play-writer, a verse-turner, or the like) upon searching my books he will be sure to meet with a man fit for the business. In short, any compo-

sition, in prose or rhyme, and on any subject, may be procured at a minute's warning, by applying to my office: and I dare say, you yourself, Mr. Town, will be very glad now and then to purchase a Connoisseur of me, whenever the idle fit seizes you. If that should happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better, you will oblige me by laying the scheme here set before your readers; and in return, you shall have the credit of publishing your papers at my office, as soon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. WITSELL.

N° 97. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.
HOR.

Your friend, your pimp, your hanger-on, what not?
Your lacquey, but without the shoulder-knot.

I REMEMBER to have heard a cousin of mine, w
was formerly at Cambridge, often mentioning a s
philosophers, distinguished by the rest of the colle
gians under the appellation of Tuft-Hunters. T
were not the disciples of the Stoics or Epicureans, o
the advocates for the old or new philosophy, but th
followers (literally speaking) of the fellow-comm
noblemen, and other rich students, whom, it
the courtesy of the university has honoured with a
cap adorned with a gold tassel. These gold thre
have almost as much influence in the university,
red or blue ribband at court; and always draw

the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfast, dine or sup with him whenever he pleases, will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a sort of disease of the place, which a man of fortune is sure to catch as soon as he arrives there: and these fast friends stick so close to him, that he can never shake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

The university of London is not without it's tuft-hunters; who fasten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune at his first coming to town. They beset him as soon as he arrives, and when they have once surrounded him, seldom fail of securing him to themselves; for no persons of character care to have any connections with him, when he has been frequently seen in such bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands: though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wisest: and as at the university, "where the learned pate ducks to the golden fool," the gentleman-student is distinguished by a cap with a gold tuft, I always consider these sons of folly in town, as adorned with a showy cap hung with bells, which serve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

The dialect of the town has very expressively characterised these humble dependents on men of fortune by the name of Hangers-on. They will, indeed, take such sure hold, and hang on a man so constantly, that it is almost impossible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the Hanger-on is sure to be at his elbow. They will squeeze themselves into every party that is formed; and I have known instances of their thrusting themselves into strange families, by sticking to their patron's skirts, and impudently introduc-

ing themselves where he has been invited to di r: which, indeed, I think would not be an impro (tom, provided they would submit to stand behind chair. They will stick so closely, that all the adhesive quality of burs, pitch, &c. seem to be collected in them; and the line in Pope's Odyssey, so often ridiculed, may rather be considered as emphasis than tautology in speaking of them. The Hanger-on clings to his fool, as Ulysses did to the rock, and in Pope's words,

They stick adherent, and suspended hang.

The tenaciousness of an Hanger-on is so very strong, that whoever is drawn into their snares, is so firmly limed that he can hardly ever loose himself from them. For as nothing but the lowest meanness of spirit could ever prevail on a man to submit to such dependence on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of such abject wretches by treating them with contempt. They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity, as a spaniel. They will also submit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themselves useful, whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or submit to any other such gentleman-like employment to serve their friend.

It must here be noted, that every Hanger-on is a person of strict honour and a gentleman; for though his fortune is (to be sure) somewhat inferior to yours, and he submits to make himself convenient on several occasions, yet on that account you are indebted to his infinite good-nature; and all his endeavours to serve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of these friendly gentlemen, who carried his esteem so far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with several tweaks

by the nose and kicks on the breech, he received all these injuries with patience, and only said with tears in his eyes, 'Dear Jack, I never expected this usage from you. You know I don't mind fighting; but I should never have a moment's peace, if I was to do you the least injury. Come, Jack, let us buss and be friends.' Their gentility is unquestionable; for they are seldom of any trade, though they are sometimes (being younger-brothers perhaps) of a profession. I know one, who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often fee'd him, our counsellor could never with any propriety consider him as a client: and I know another, who (like Gibbet in the play) is called Captain, whose elegant manner of living must be supported by his being on full pay with his patron, since he does not receive even the common soldier's groat a day from his commission. However, considering at one view the gentility of their profession, and the shortness of their finances, I often look upon them as a band of decayed gentlemen, the honourable pensioners of those they follow. The great men among the Romans had a number of these Hangers-on, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called Umbræ, or shadows; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of these humble retainers to the wealthy, since they not only follow them like their shadows, but "like a shadow prove the substance true:" for whenever you observe one or more of these Umbræ perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

These faithful friends are so careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always inquire with the greatest exactness into your affairs, and know almost as well as your steward the income of your estate. They are also so fond of your company, and so desirous of preserving your good opinion, that a Hang-

er-on will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himself, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a mistress: and as a convenient female is a very necessary part of the equipage of a person of fashion, these male companions must be a very agreeable part of the retinue of those high spirited young gentlemen, who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taste in expence to pay a man for laughing at your wit, and indulging your humour; and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I might also take notice of an humbler sort of Hangers-on, who fix themselves to no one particular, but fasten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are seldom extended beyond a present subsistence; and their utmost aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpose they keep a register of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you just as you are sitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed on to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with your family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your absence; or if your family is out, they will breakfast, dine, and sup with you out of charity, because you should not be alone. Every house is haunted with these disturbers of our meals: and perhaps the best way to get rid of them, would be to put them, with the rest of your servants, upon board-wages.

But besides these danglers after men of fortune, and intruders on your table in town, the country breeds a race of lowly retainers, which may properly be ranked among the same species. Almost every family supports a poor kinsman; who, happening to be no way related to the estate, was too proud of his blood to apply himself in his youth to any profession, and

rather chose to be supported in laziness at the family-seat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light, than his servants out of livery; and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudgery, as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of Hangers-on, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the sons of idleness: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whose bread depends on his industry, gives himself up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanness whatever; and if they cannot dig, yet, like our Hangers-on, to beg they are not ashamed.

O

N° 98. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1755.

Ut id ostenderem, quòd te isti facilem putant,
Id non fieri ex verâ vitâ, neque adeò ex æquo et bono,
Sed ex assentando, indulgendo, et largiendo.——

TER.

What shall we call it? Folly, or Good-nature?
So soft, so simple, and so kind a creature!
Where Charity so blindly plays it's part,
It only shews the weakness of her heart!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I HAVE been some years married to one of the best women in the world. She possesses all the virtues that can be named: but alas! she possesses some of them to excess. Those which I wish to particularise, and which are infinitely pernicious to me and my fortunes,

are her superabundant good-nature, and her boun generosity.

It is a little difficult perhaps to ascertain, what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of good-nature; which, of all virtues, seems to me most necessary to be confined, or at least mitigated in such a manner, to hinder it from destroying it's own excellence : utility. On the one hand, if it is restrained too se, the world will say, that it must entirely lose it's sence: but, on the other hand, fatal experience l convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a ful unlimited sway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice; and brings with it, as in my wife's case, fruitless expences, ill-judged concessions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

Generosity is the daughter of good-nature. She very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of judgment and reason; but when she escapes from her tutors, and acts indiscriminately, according as her fancy allures her, she subjects herself, like her mother, to sneer, ridicule, and disdain.

To illustrate these assertions by some examples from among the many mishaps, losses and embarrassments, which have accrued to us in the course of our domestic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that some years ago we had a footboy, who acted as butler, and had the custody of the little plate, which our small fortune could afford us. The fellow was aukward, and unfit for the station; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our service, because he intended to marry the nursery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent husband. The rascal was a thief: but as it is ill-natured to suspect people, before we have full proof of their knavery, several of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higglers, (we then living at Newington) who frequently called at our door. At last,

however, after several rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly good-natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating watch, and a pair of our best silver candlesticks, with which he voluntarily transported himself, as we have been since told, to the West Indies; leaving his mistress the nursery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great licence to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing prescience in foreseeing his excellencies as a husband.

You must know, Sir, that my dear consort, in the full glow of her goodness, is never contented, unless her servants marry each other. All I can urge against so impolitic a custom, has been to no purpose: Marriage, (she says) prevents vice, and saves souls from destruction. Perhaps it may: but are no unmarried servants to be found in Mr. Fielding's register office, or elsewhere, but what are vicious? At least I am sure, that this piece of sanctity is very expensive in it's effects, and is attended with many inconveniences. One of her maids, about two years ago, was discovered to be very intimate with my footman: my wife, to prevent ill consequences, hastened to have them married, and was present herself at the ceremony. She admired the modesty of the woman, and the sober gravity of the man, during the holy rites; and was entirely convinced, that no harm could have happened from so decent a couple. In a short space after the marriage, Patty brought forth a swinging girl; but as it was born almost six months before it's time, my wife advised them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to shield if possible the new married woman's reputation; but finding our neighbours fleer at the incident, and smile contemptuously at the prescription of cotton, she contented herself in believing Patty's own account, that in truth she had been married eight

months before by a Fleet-parson, but was afraid t
own it.'

If my wife's indulging her domestics in m imon
was productive of no other ill consequence than rel
their being married, it might, indeed,
prove a benefit: but the chaster and more sober t
have been before marriage, the greater number of c
dren are produced in matrimony; and my wife loo
upon herself as in duty obliged to take care of the
helpless offsprings, that have been begotten un
own roof; so that I assure you, Sir, my house is
well filled with children, that it would put you imm
diately in mind of the Foundling Hospital; with th
difference however, that in my hospital not only t
children are provided for, whether bastards or legit
mate, but also the fathers and mothers.

Your office, Mr. Censor, requires and leads you t
hear domestic occurrences; otherwise I should scarc
have troubled you with the records of a private famil
almost ruined by excrescencies of virtue. T
overflowing humanity runs through the whole conau
of the dear woman, whom I have mentioned. Eve
in trifles she is full of works of supererogation.
doors are perpetually surrounded with beggars, whe
the halt, the maimed, and the blind, assemble in
great numbers, as at the door of the Roman Ca
Chapel in Lincoln's-inn-fields. She not only give
them money, but sends them out great quantities
bread, beer, and cold victuals; and she has her d
rent pensioners (as she herself calls them) for every
in the week. But the expence attending these ou
door petitioners, many of whom have from time t
time been discovered to be impostors, is nothing i
comparison to the sums, that are almost daily draw
from her by begging letters. Is it impossible to ima
gine a calamity, by which she has not been a suffere
in relieving those who have extorted money from he

by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by losses in trade, sustained great damages by fire, undergone many hardships from sickness, and other unforeseen accidents; and it was but yesterday that she paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir, though my wife keeps but little company, and the family-expences are to all appearance very small, yet this dear woman's superabundant good-nature is such a perpetual drawback on her economy, that we run out considerably. This extravagant and ill-judged generosity renders all her numerous excellencies of none effect: and I have often known her almost destitute of clothes, because she had distributed her whole wardrobe among liars, sycophants, and hypocrites.

Thus, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have set before you my unhappy case. I am perishing by degrees; not by any real extravagance, any designed ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the person who destroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the simplicity of her dress, the humility of her desires, or the contented easiness of her nature. What name, Sir, shall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly: they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away, or absorbs all judgment and reflection. To call these errors the fruits of good-nature, is too mild a definition: and yet to give them a harsher appellation, is unkind. Let me suffer what I will, I must kiss the dear hand that ruins me.

In my tender hours of speculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate, and the natural disposition of our natives. When the English are good-natured, they are generally so to excess: and as I have not seen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myself; and shall draw to the conclusion of my letter

by one piece of advice,—Not to be generous over much. The highest acts of generosity are seldom re paid in any other coin, but baseness and ingratitude and we ought ever to remember, that, out of ten lepers cleansed, "one only came back to return thanks the rest were made whole, and went their way."

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

TIMON OF LONDON.

N° 99. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

Da veniam, servire tuis quòd nolo Calendis.
MART.

Thy works, O Wing, O Partridge, I despise,
And Robin's for the poor, and Ryder's for the wise.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AT this season of the year, while the streets r with the cry of new almanacks, and ever covered with news from the Stars, Diaries, Pre Complete Ephemerides, &c. drawn up by P r Parker, Vincent Wing, and the rest of the body of philomaths and astrologers, give acquaint you of my intentions of appearing in a like capacity. You must know, Sir, t observed, that among the great variety of now published, there is not one contrived for of people of fashion, I have resolved to defect by publishing one every year under the Court Calendar, calculated for the meridi James's.

The plan, which has been hitherto followed by our almanack-makers, can be of no use whatever to the polite world, who are as widely separated, in their manner of living, from the common herd of people, as the inhabitants of the antipodes. To know the exact rising and setting of the sun, may serve to direct the vulgar tradesman and mechanic when to open shop or go to work: but persons of fashion, whose hours are not marked by the course of that luminary, are indifferent about it's motions; and, like those who live under the equinoxial line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The red-letter-days, pointed out in our common almanacks, may perhaps be observed by some formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them: but people of quality perceive no difference between the moveable or immoveable feasts and fasts, and know no use of Sunday, but as it serves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau reap from Ryder's List of the Fairs, which can only be of service to his groom? Or what use can any gentleman or lady make of those Diaries now inscribed to them, which are filled with algebra and the mathematics? In a word, the present uncouth way of dividing the months into Saints' days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the present modes of polite life, than the Roman division into Ides, Nones, and Calends.

Instead of supposing, with the vulgar tribe of astronomers, that the day begins at sunrise, my day, which will commence at the time that it usually breaks in fashionable apartments, will be determined by the rising of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early risers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together. For want of a thorough knowledge of the distribution of the day, all who have any connection with the polite

world might be guilty of many mistakes; and v
an honest man from Cornhill intended a noblem
visit after dinner, he would perhaps find him sip
his morning chocolate. The inconveniences of t
style in our manner of reckoning the days wer
manifest, that it was thought proper to amend t
by act of parliament. I am resolved, in like man
to introduce the new style of dividing the hours
my almanack: for can any thing be more absurd
to fix the name of morning, noon, and evening, at
sent on the same hours, which bore those appellat
in the reign of Queen Elizabeth? A duchess is s
from dining at eleven, that it often happens, that
Grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-ta
and a maid of honour would no more rise at five o
in the morning, as it was called by the early
in Queen Bess's court, than she would, in imitatic
those dames, breakfast upon strong beer and b
steaks. Indeed, in those houses, where the hour
quality are observed by one part of the family,
impolite irregularity of the other, in adhering to
old style, occasions great disturbance; for, as I
Townly says, 'such a house is worse than an inn
ten stage coaches. What between the impertii
people of business in a morning, and the intoler
thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a win
sleep all night.'

The reformation, which I have also made in res
to the red-letter-days is no less considerable. I l
not only wiped away that immense catalogue of sa
which crowd the Popish calendar, but have also blo
out all the other saints, that still retain their place
our common almanacks: well knowing, that per
of fashion pay as little attention to the apostles
evangelists, as to St. Mildred, St. Bridget, or
Winifred. Indeed I retain the old name of St. J
because I am sure, that people of quality will

think of any body's being designed under that title, except the late Lord Bolingbroke. Having thus discarded the saints, people whom nobody knows, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the best company: for the red-letters in my calendar will serve to distinguish those days, on which ladies of the first fashion keep their routs and visiting days; a work of infinite use, as well to the persons of distinction themselves, as to all those who have any intercourse with the polite world. That season of the year, commonly distinguished by the appellation of Lent, which implies a time of fasting, I shall consider, according to it's real signification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly festival; and shall, therefore, mention it under the denomination of the Carnival. The propriety of this will be evident at first sight; since nothing is so plain, as that, at this season, all kinds of diversion and jollity are at their height in this metropolis. Instead of the Man in the Almanack, I at first intended (in imitation of Mr. Dodsley's memorandum book) to delineate the figure of a fine gentleman, drest *à la mode*: but I was at length determined, by the advice of some ingenious friends, to suffer the old picture to remain there; since, as it appears to be run through the body in several places, it may not improperly represent that fashionable character, a duellist.

In the place, which is allotted in other almanacks for the change of weather, (as hail, frost, snow, cloudy, and the like) I shall set down the change of dress, appropriated to different seasons, and ranged under the titles of hats, capuchins, cardinals, sacks, negligées, gauze handkerchiefs, ermine tippets, muffs, &c. and in a parallel column (according to the custom of other almanacks) I shall point out the several parts of the body affected by these changes; such as head, neck, breast, shoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c. And as Mr. Ryder accompanies every month with seasonable

I next got into favour with an old colonel of the guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war, that had challenged my toast. As his sole delight was centred in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glass for glass with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When sober, he was the best humoured man in the world; but he was very apt to be quarrelsome and extremely mischievous, when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: sometimes he has diverted himself by setting fire to my ruffles, shaking the ashes of his pipe over my perriwig, or making a thrust at me with the red hot poker: and I remember, he once soused me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter jordan topsy-turvy upon my head. All these indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was sure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commission in the army through his interest, when to my great disappointment, he was suddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that I next contrived to squeeze myself into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city merchant, and one of the circumcised. He could have no objection to my religion, as I used to spend every Sunday with him at his country house, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became so desperately in love with her, that I would even have turned Jew to obtain her: but

instead of that, I very foolishly made a Christian of her; and we were privately married at the Fleet. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received me with a loud laugh. "Sir, says he, if my child had married the devil, he should have had every penny that was her due. But, as she is only my bastard, the law cannot oblige me to give her a farthing."

This I found to be too true: and very happily for me my christian wife had so little regard for her new religion, that she again became an apostate, and was taken into keeping, (to which I readily gave my consent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I shall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me since: I shall only acquaint you, that I have exactly followed the precept of "becoming all things to all men." I was once supported very splendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blasphemy, and ridiculing the bible, till my patron shot himself through the head; and I lived at bed and board with an old methodist lady for near a twelve-month, on account of my zeal for the new doctrine, till one of the maid servants wickedly laid a child to me. At present, Mr. Town, I am quite out of employ; having just lost a very profitable place, which I held under a great man in quality of his pimp. My disgrace was owing to the baseness of an old Covent-garden acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature just come out of the country: but the hussy was so ungrateful, as to bestow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

PETER SUPPLE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I have a little god-daughter in the country, to whom I every year send some diverting and instructive book for a New-Year's gift: I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the purpose; which will oblige

Your humble servant,
T—— W——

TO MR. T—— W——.

SIR,

I know no book so fit for your purpose as the Connoisseur, lately published in two pocket volumes; which I would further recommend to all fathers and mothers, grand-fathers and grand-mothers, uncles and aunts, god-fathers and god-mothers, to give to their sons and daughters, grand-sons and grand-daughters, nephews and nieces, god-sons and god-daughters;—as being undoubtedly the best present at this season of the year, that can possibly be thought of.

TOWN, Connoisseur.

N. B. Large allowance to those who buy quantities to give away.

T.

N° 101. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

——— *Janique bifrontis imago.*
VIRG.

In two-fac'd Janus we this moral find;
While we look forward, we should look behind.

AS the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-year's-day, I cannot open the business of the year with a better grace, than by taking the present hour for the subject of this paper: a subject, which pleases me the more, as it also gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the season, and most sincerely wishing them all a happy new year, and a great many of them. But, in order to make these civilities of more consequence than a bare compliment, I will also endeavour to give them a little wholesome advice; by which they may be most likely to ensure to themselves that happiness, and to go through the ensuing year with ease and tranquillity.

No god in the heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more significantly represented, than Janus; whom we may fairly style, in our language, the god of the new year. The medals, on which the image of this deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was past. There cannot be devised a stronger,

or more sensible lesson of moral instruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itself the sum of human prudence; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future, by reflecting on the past; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course, as when it sets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the new year by a recollection of the old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to result from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind guess, and rashly presuming on the future, without the least attention to the past. With these the impetuosity of the passions gives their reason no scope to exert itself, but, neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarce take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters, whose misconduct arises from two such contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless vacant animals may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in the stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total

neglect or partial survey of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common; Indeed, almost every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarce a servitor at either university, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bishop, or at least head of a college, though perhaps at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hospitals flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice and a chariot: and among those few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himself, some time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life these vain hopes may perhaps serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say to those people, who in spite of experience and repeated disappointments, still place their chief dependance on groundless expectations from their future fortune? This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spend-thrifts is built on some ideal riches, of which they are soon to be in possession; and which they are laying out as freely, as the girl in the farce squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get in the lottery. I am myself acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thousand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an in-

firm constitution, and turned of sixty, the nephew very considerately computed, that his uncle could hardly last above five years, during which time he might go on very genteely at the rate of 2000l. per ann. However the old gentleman held together above seven years, the last two of which our young spark had no consolation, but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth discovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might possibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himself disinherited.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of those profound speculatists, who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the future, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity: but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past, as the school of experience, from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind of retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities, to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would not throw us so far back, as to keep us lagging, like the old style, behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons who are given to such deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct, as country beaux in their dress, who adopt the town modes, just after they are become unfashionable in London.

But there is no task so difficult, as to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccustomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befal him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose ac-

tions are not the result of thought, or guided by experience? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitution, till at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires some thought to ensure to ourselves a likelihood of success in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the old year, and gather instructions from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the new. Let us also endeavour to draw from it a lesson of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too solemn a conclusion of this paper, if I advise my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the past, and look forward to the future, will also naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being, who has existed from all eternity, and shall exist world without end. No consideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power, who first created us, and whose providence is always over us. Let us then consider with attention this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Christianity.

O.

N° 102. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

——— *Pater! nec jam pater*———

OVID.

O shame to ancestry! his Grace's son
Owes his vile birth to Harry or to John.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been my good fortune to be born of a family, that is recorded in the Herald's dictionary, as one of the most ancient in the kingdom. We are supposed to have come into England with William the Conqueror. Upon my accession some years ago to my elder brother's estate and title of a Baronet, I received a visit from Rouge Dragon, Esq. Pursuivant at Arms, to congratulate me upon my new rank of a Vavasour, and to know whether I should choose to bear the Dexter Base Points of the Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief, or only her Sinister Corners; she being one of the seventeen coheiresses of my great great great great great grandfather's fourth wife Dorothy, the daughter and sole heiress of Simon de la Frogpool of Croakham in the folk. This unexpected visit must have disconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. Rouge Dragon as a constant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor in initiating him into the science of heraldry, and the civil and military achievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As soon, therefore, as I could recover myself from my first surprize in hearing

an unknown English language. I [illegible] Mr. Dragon for the pains he had taken in [illegible] my coat of arms so masterly, but begged he would give himself no farther trouble upon my account. [illegible] I was fully determined to bear the same [illegible] of my grandfather Peter, without taking the least notice of Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief, or even of her Summer Corners.

Be it to my shame or not, I must confess that heraldry is a science, which I have never much cultivated: nor do I find it very prevalent among the fashionable studies of the age. Arms and armorial tokens, may, I suppose, be regularly distinguished, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate, to which they belong: but I have observed of late, that these honourable ensigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are usurped by every body, who thinks fit to take them; insomuch that there is scarce a hackney coach in London, which is not in possession of a ducal crest, an earl's coronet, or a baronet's bloody hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a scandal on our nobility and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a duke's coach to be seen waiting at a night-cellar, or for a countess's landau to set down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-house. I remember I was one morning disturbed at my breakfast by a fashionable rap at my door; when looking out of my window, I saw the coach of the Lady Dowager ——— drawn up before it. I was extremely surprised at so early and unexpected a visit from her ladyship; and while I was preparing to receive her, I over-heard her ladyship at high words with her coachman in my entry; when stepping to the stair-case I found that the coachman and her ladyship, represented in the person of one of my housemaids, were squabbling together about sixpence. This badge of nobility, as-

sumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occasions: for I once travelled from London to Derby in an hired chariot finely ornamented with a viscount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumstances I was compelled in every inn to pay as a lord, though I was not at that time even a simple baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. Dragon) arrived to the dignity of a Vavasour.

I have sometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage, which they are generally esteemed to be: and I am almost inclined to think, that they answer no desirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and ostentation. A long roll of ennobled ancestors makes, I confess, a very alluring appearance. To see coronet after coronet passing before our view in an uninterrupted succession, is the most soothing prospect, that perhaps can present itself to the eye of human pride: the exaltation that we feel upon such a review, takes rise in a visionary and secret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets may spring from ourselves, as have descended from our ancestors. We read in Virgil, that Anchises, to inspire his son with the properest incitement to virtue, shews him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the misery of Macbeth is made by Shakspeare to proceed, less from the consciousness of guilt, than from the disappointed pride, that none of his own race shall succeed him in the throne.

The pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should perhaps have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a French novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to

all vain glories, that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

'A nobleman of an ancient house, of very high rank and great fortune, (says the novelist) died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at purgatory, was sent down immediately into hell. He had not been long there, before he met with his coachman Thomas, who like his noble master was gnashing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, surprised to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, thieves, pick-pockets, and all the *canaille* of hell, started and cried out in a tone of admiration, "Is it possible, that I see my late master among Lucifer's tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers! How much am I astonished to find your lordship in this place! Your lordship! whose generosity was so great, whose affluent housekeeping drew such crowds of nobility, gentry, and friends to your table, and within your gates, and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens, by building temples and obelisks, and by forming lakes of water, that seemed to vie with the largest oceans of the creation! Pray, my lord, if I may be so bold, what crime has brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?"—"Ah, Thomas, (replied his lordship, with his usual condescension,) I have been sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, and cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to enrich, and purchase titles, honours, and estates for that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But prithee, Thomas, tell me, as thou didst always seem to be an honest, careful, sober servant, what brought thee hither?" "Alas! my noble lord (replied Thomas) I was sent hither for begetting that son."

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

REGINALD FITZWORM.

I must agree with my correspondent, that the study of heraldry is at present in very little repute among

us; and our nobility are more anxious about prese
the genealogy of their horses, than of their
family. Whatever value their progenitors may
formerly set upon their blood, it is now found to
no value, when put into the scale and weighed a
solid plebeian gold: nor would the most ill
descendant from Cadwallader, or the Irish
scruple to debase his lineage by an alliance wit
daughter of a city-plum, though all her anc
were yeomen, and none of her family ever bore
Titles of quality, when the owners have no
merit to recommend them, are of no more e
than those which the courtesy of the vulgar
stowed on the deformed: and when I look over
tree of descent, I sometimes fancy I can discov
real characters of sharpers, reprobates, and plun
of their country, concealed under the titles of
earls, and viscounts.

It is well known, that the very servants, i
absence of their masters, assume the same titles
Tom or Harry, the footman or groom of his
is always my Lord Duke in the kitchen or
For this reason, I have thought proper to prese
reader with the pedigree of a footman, drawn
the same sounding titles, as are so pompously d
on these occasions: and I dare say, it will app
less illustrious, than the pedigrees of many fa
which are neither celebrated for their actions, n
tinguished by their virtues.

The family of the Skips, or Skipkennels, i
ancient and noble. The founder of it Maitre J
came into England with the Duchess of Maz
He was son of a prince of the blood, his moth
of the *Mesdames* of France: this family is the
related to the most illustrious *Maitres d' Hôte
Valets de Chambre* of that kingdom. Jaques hac
two sons, *viz.* Robert and Paul; of whom Pau

youngest, was invested with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a bishop, and soon after became an archbishop. Robert, the elder, came to be a duke, but died without issue: Paul, the archbishop, left behind him an only daughter, Barbara, base-born, who was afterwards maid of honour; and intermarrying with a lord of the bed-chamber, had a very numerous issue by him; *viz.* Rebecca, born a week after their marriage, and died young; Joseph, first a squire, afterwards knighted, high sheriff of a county, and colonel of the militia; Peter, raised from a cabin boy to a lord of the admiralty; William, a faggot in the first regiment of the guards, and a brigadier; Thomas, at first an earl's eldest son, and afterwards a brewer and lord mayor of the city of London. The several branches of this family were no less distinguished for their illustrious progeny. Jaques, the founder, first quartered lace on his coat, and Robert added the shoulder knot. Some of them indeed, met with great trouble: Archbishop Paul lost his see for getting a cook-maid with child; Barbara, the maid of honour, was dismissed with a big belly; brigadier William was killed by a chairman in a pitched battle at an ale-house; the lord of the admiralty was transported for seven years; and duke Robert had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn.

N° 103. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1

——— *Nihil videtur mundius.*
TER.

The house so neat, so nice within,
'Tis pity we should enter in.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and del disposition, who is cried up by all the good wome her acquaintance, for being the neatest body in house they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grieva this extraordinary neatness is so very troub and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the h in the stables.

It must be confessed, that a due regard to neat and cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in habitations as our persons: but though I should choose to have my hands begrimed like a chim sweeper's, I would not, like the superstitious M metans, wash them six times a day: and tho should be loth to roll in a pig-stye, yet I do no to have my house rendered useless to me under pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference tween having a house that is always dirty, and a h that is always to be cleaned. I could very willi compound to be washed out of my home, with c masters of families, every Saturday night: but wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing

must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual dirtiness, that my house may be clean: for during these nice operations every apartment is stowed with soap, brickdust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dishclouts.

You may suppose, that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors. For this reason all that come to our house, (besides the ceremony of scraping at the door,) are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they must straddle their way along several lesser mats, ranged at due distances from each other in the passage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with a hop, a step, and a jump. The like caution is used by all the family: I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down stairs; the maid-servants are continually stumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house bare-footed, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude, that my wife must be no less nice in other particulars. But as it is observed by Swift, that "a nice man is a man of nasty ideas," in like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the most slovenly on many occasions. They cannot conceive, that any thing, which is done by such delicate persons, can possibly give offence: I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have seen her, before company, dust the tea-cups with a foul apron or

a washing gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when through her extreme cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket handkerchief. People, Mr. Town, who are not very intimate with families, seldom see them (especially the female part) but in disguise: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aspect, when she comes before company, than when she first sets down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel, to those who visit us in the afternoon: but in the morning she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greasy bonnet, and a coarse dowlass apron; so that you would rather take her for a chair-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of such an occupation: for so great is her love of cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth on the boards.

This extraordinary solicitude in my wife, for the cleanliness of her rooms and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for show and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any thing better than a delft plate, that the economy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of china, may not be disarranged: and indeed my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old china not fit for use, but disposed in such a

manner, as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used, for fear it should be dirtied; and I live, with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them; which is as ridiculous an absurdity and almost as great a hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them, the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them, and feet without being permitted to walk.

Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for cleanliness, so predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt; and while we are surrounded with all necessaries, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it a still greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruke on one of the gilt sconces: having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcileable for a month; and I had scarce brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately ran against the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and pease-pudding on the parlour-floor. This superabundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bedchamber to be mopped: and

the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependence, came up to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit: but though he had rode above sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe: but this you may be sure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado, that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls; because the chintz bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country squire. These slights very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occasion. It happened, that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his first coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog having found means to escape, had crept slyly up stairs, and (beside other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson damask settee. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the master interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he would never darken our doors again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill treatment, which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T PETER PLAINALL

N° 104. THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1756.

Actum est; Ilicet; Periisti.
TER.

Ruin'd and undone!

THE use of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects, which raise ideas in our minds, we use words which are made signs of those objects. No man could otherwise convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to those pieces of furniture: as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention king Charles on horse-back, I must carry my companion to Charing-cross; and would I next tell him of the statue of Sir John Barnard, we must trudge back again, and he must wait for my meaning till we get to the Royal Exchange. We should be like the sages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having substituted things for words, used to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they were to discourse on, "I have often beheld (says he) two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us: who, when they meet in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave." In these circumstances a man of the fewest words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus of conversation, than is con-

tained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other slight-of-hand artist: he could not speak of a chicken or an owl, but it must be ready in his pocket to be produced. In such a case we could not say we heard, but we saw the conversation of a friend; as in the epistolary correspondence, carried on by those pretty hieroglyphic letters (as they are called), where the picture of a deer and a woman finely drest is made to stand for the expression of dear lady.

But the invention of words has removed these difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have seen, but what neither we, nor the persons to whom we speak, ever saw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of learning it from the cannon's mouth: and we can talk of the people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make use of bishop Wilkins's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary course of life, are like the paper money among merchants; invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largest sum can be transmitted to the most distant places with as much ease as a letter; while the same in specie would require bags and chests, and even carts or ships to transport it. But, however great these advantages are, the use of language has brought along with it several inconveniences, as well as paper-money; for as this latter is more liable to miscarry, more easily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited than bullion, merchants have frequent cause to complain, that the convenience of this sort of cash is not without it's alloy of evil; and we find, that in the use of language there is so much room for deceit and mistake, that though it does not render it useless, it is much to be wished some remedy could be contrived.

Men are so apt to use the same words in different senses, and call the same thing by different names, that

oftentimes they cannot understand others, or be themselves understood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodigality which another calls generosity, they mistake each other's meaning, and can never agree, till they explain the words. It is to this we owe so much wrangling in discourse, and so many volumes of controversy on almost every part of literature. I have known a dispute carried on with great warmth, and when the disputants have come to explain what each meant, it has been discovered they were both of a side: like the men in the play, who met and fought first, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themselves to be friends. What should we say, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name was to obtain among tradesmen? If you was to send to your haberdasher for a hat, you might receive a pair of stockings; or instead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furnished with a cathartic or a clyster.

It would be needless to insist on the inconveniences arising from the misuse or misapprehension of terms in all verbal combats; whether they be fought on the spot by word of mouth, or (like a game of chess) maintained, even though lands and seas interpose, by the assistance of the press. In our ordinary conversation it is notorious, that no less confusion has arisen from the wrong application or perversion of the original and most natural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author, I published a little pamphlet, which I flattered myself had some merit, though I must confess it did not sell. Conscious of my growing fame, I resolved to send the first fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family: but how was I mortified, when the good man sent me word, 'that he was sorry to find I had *ruined* myself, and had wrote a book; for the parson of the parish

had assured him, that authors were never worth a farthing, and always died in a gaol.' Notwithstanding this remonstrance, I have still persisted in my *ruin;* which at present I cannot say is quite completed, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean shirt for Sundays at least, and am lodged somewhat below a garret. However, this prediction of my uncle has often led me to consider, in how many senses, different from it's general acceptation, the word *ruined* is frequently made use of. When we hear this word applied to another, we should naturally imagine the person is reduced to a state worse than he was in before, and so low that it is scarce possible for him to rise again: but we shall often find, instead of his being undone, that he has rather met with some extraordinary good fortune; and that those, who pronounce him *ruined,* either mean you should understand it in some other light, or else call him undone, because he differs from them in his way of life, or because they wish him to be in that situation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injustice, in the misapplication of this term; as it may literally *ruin* a man, by destroying his character: according to the old English proverb, 'give a dog an ill name, and hang him.'

Most people are, indeed, so entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the same colour. From this selfish prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the motives and actions of others: and it is no wonder, that they should see ruin staring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I shall, therefore, here set down a catalogue of some of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good-nature of the world have not scrupled to pronounce absolutely ruined.

A young clergyman of Cambridge might have had

a good college-living in about thirty years time, or have been head of the house: but he chose to quit his fellowship for a small cure in town, with a view of recommending himself by his preaching . . . *Ruined.*

A fellow of another college in the same university refused to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a smoking, drinking, swearing, fox-hunting country squire, who would have provided for him . . . . . *Ruined.*

Dr. Classic, a young physician from Oxford, might have had more practice than Radcliffe or Mead: but having studied Aristotle's Poetics, and read the Greek tragedies as well as Galen and Hippocrates, he was tempted to write a play, which was universally applauded, and the author was . . . . . *Ruined.*

A student of the temple might have made sure of a judge's robes or the chancellor's seals: but being tired of sauntering in Westminster-hall without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commission in one of the new-raised regiments, and is . . . . . *Ruined.*

A younger brother of a good family threw himself away upon an obscure widow with a jointure of 500l. per ann. by which he is . . . . . *Ruined.*

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though she makes him an excellent wife, he is universally allowed to have . . . . . *Ruined himself.*

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the strange sense, in which a friend of mine once heard this word used in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and spirits, engrossed all the conversation to herself; and herself indeed was the subject of all the conversation: but what most surprised him, was the manner in which she used this word *Ruined;* which occurred frequently in her discourse, though never intended by her to convey the

meaning generally affixed to it. It served her sometimes as an æra to determine the date of every occurrence—'she bought such a gown, just after she was *ruined*—the first time she saw Garrick in Ranger, she was in doubt whether it was before or after she was *ruined*.'—Having occasion to mention a young gentleman, she burst into raptures——'O he is a dear creature!—He it was that *ruined* me—O he is a dear soul;—he carried me to an inn ten miles from my father's house in the country, where he *ruined* me.—If he had not *ruined* me, I should have been as miserable and as moping as my sisters. But the dear soul was forced to go abroad upon his travels, and I was obliged to come upon the town, three weeks after I was *ruined*—no, not so much as three weeks after I was *ruined*—yes it was full three weeks after I was *ruined*.

N° 105. THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1756.

Gaudit equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.
HOR.

To spring a covey, or unearth a fox,
In rev'rend sportsmen is right orthodox.

MY cousin Village, from whom I had not heard for some time, has lately sent me an account of a Country Parson; which I dare say will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our clergy, than what they have collected from the spruce and genteel figures, which they have been used to contemplate here in doctors' scarfs, pudding-sleeves, starched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my cousin's description, that these reve-

rend ensigns of orthodoxy are not so necessary to be displayed among rustics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or surplice, the good pastors may, without censure, put on the manners as well as dress of a groom or whipper-in.

Doncaster, Jan. 14, 1756.

DEAR COUSIN,

I am just arrived here, after having paid a visit to our old acquaintance Jack Quickset, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Quickset, Rector of ——— parish in the north-riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds per ann. As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unentertaining to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the world, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me, that he had been double-japanned (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of ——; where if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best Yorkshire stingo, and would engage to shew me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of "No mortals on earth are so happy as we," that I began to think I had made a mistake; till observing it's close neighbourhood to the church convinced me, that this could be no other than the parsonage-house. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the

midst of a room-full of fox hunters in boots and bob-wigs) got up to welcome me to ——, and embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his stingo by belching in my face, as he did me the honour of saluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his own elbow-chair, assured them, that I was a very honest cock, and loved a chace of five and twenty miles an end as well as any of them: to preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed into it to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and a house full of children, (the most common family of a country clergyman,) he is single; unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper. The calm amusements of piquet, chess, and back-gammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees "his dearest action in the field," and boasts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable, as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox-hounds and pointers lie about in every parlour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots. The estimation in which he holds his friends, is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him, that they have found an hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came in to tell him, that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk only

came to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Quickset, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor: so that Jack has full power to beat up the game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of this office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission for the peace. Poaching is in his eye the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear to him half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman, as to any fine lady in town; not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chace. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him he engaged to take care of a church, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman, which was about twenty miles off. He asked me to accompany him; and the more to encourage me, he assured me, that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the north. Accordingly I was rouzed by him in the morning before day-break by a loud hollowing of 'hark to Merriman,' and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out: and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting, that so fine a soft morning should be thrown away

upon a Sunday; at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had earth'd. At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us: but as Jack had nothing to do but to alight, pull his band out of the sermon-case, give his brown scratch bob a shake, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself both in the desk and pulpit to the entire satisfaction of all the parish as well as the 'squire of it; who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the 'squire's; who, being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was hugely delighted with Jack's conversation. Church and king, and another particular toast, (in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character) were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to horses sound, dogs hearty, earths stopt, and foxes plenty. When we had run over again with great joy and vociferation, as many chaces as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers: after which, though the 'squire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church-door, and rode home in the dark; because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother-sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house, to be in readiness to make up for the loss of Sunday, by going out a cock-shooting very early next morning.

I must leave it to you, cousin, to make what reflections you please on this character; only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or the dog-kennel than the church: and, indeed, it will be found, that our friend Jack and all of his stamp are regarded by their parishioners, not as parsons of the parish, but rather as 'squires in orders.

I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

T.

N° 106. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1756.

——— Non hæc solennia nobis
Vana superstitio, veterumve ignara deorum,
Imposuit. Sævis, hospes Trojane, periclis
Servat facimus.——

VIRG.

These solemn rites nor superstition vain,
Nor fears from blinder ignorance ordain:
Sav'd from the shock, from dangers yet unknown,
His mercy we implore, whose pow'r we own.

IT is not easy for the mind of man to recover itself from any extraordinary panic, which has once seized it: for which reason we cannot be surprised, that many well-meaning people, who have not yet shaken off the apprehensions occasioned by the late dreadful earthquakes, should be led to conjure up new terrors, and alarm themselves with imaginary dangers. Their fears interpret every common incident, and even the change of weather, as signs of approaching destruction: if the day be calm and serene, such (they say) is the usual forerunner of a shock; or, if the night prove

tempestuous, they can hardly persuade themselve that it is only the wind, which rocks their house With this propensity to entertain any unreasonab dread about future events, it is no wonder, that wea minds should be worked upon by little dabblers in ph losophy, who, having gleaned a few barren scraps fro the magazines, presume even to foretel the dissolutic of the world by the comet, which is expected to ap pear in 1758. Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, has passage so very apposite to these idle pretenders science, that I shall beg leave to transcribe it.

"These people, says he, are under continual disqu etudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; an their disturbances proceed from causes, which wei little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensioi arise from several changes they dread in the celesti bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continu approaches of the sun towards it must in course c time be absorbed, or swallowed up. That the face c the sun will by degrees be encrusted with it's ow effluvia, and give no more light to the world. Th the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the l comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to a and that the next, which they have calculated fc one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy u For, if in it's perihelion it should approach within certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations the have reasons to dread) it will receive a degree of hea ten thousand times more intense, than that of red-h glowing iron; and in it's absence from the sun, carr a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen m long; through which if the earth should pass at a distance of one hundred thousand miles from the n *cleus*, or main body of the comet, it must in it's be set on fire, and reduced to ashes. That the daily spending it's rays without any nutriment to sup ply them, will at last be wholly consumed and ann

hilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that recieve their light from it.

"They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of an approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper, that boys discover to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear."

Let us, however, banish from our thoughts all such vain notions, and let us fortify our minds with a true sense of religion, which will teach us to rely on the protection of that Providence, which has hitherto preserved us. It is with great pleasure that I remark the unanimous concurrence of almost all ranks of people in allowing the propriety of the present solemn fast, as a necessary act of humiliation, to avert the wrath and vengeance of heaven, and to call down it's mercies upon us. It is true, indeed, that no persons do more prejudice to the cause of religion, than they who cloud it's genuine cheerfulness with the gloom of superstition, and are apt to consider every common accident that befals us, as a judgment. They clothe religion in the most terrifying habit, and, (as it were) dress it up in all the horrors of the inquisition. These people are much to be pitied; and it is to be wished, that their mistaken piety could be better regulated. But there is another set of men of a different turn, more numerous, and much more dangerous to the community, who treat every act of religion as a jest, and holds it's most sacred ordinances in contempt. Set forms and ceremo-

monies, though they have no essential virtue in themselves, are yet indispensably requisite to keep alive in us a quick sense of our duty. It must be allowed, indeed, that if a man could constantly employ his mind in holy meditations, exercise the virtues, and believe the mysteries of our religion, he would be a true christian, though he never complied with any outward forms, or so much as repeated a single prayer. But it is manifest from experience, that those who neglect the ordinances, neglect also the duties of a christian; and the least reflection on the human mind will convince us, that some external rites are necessary to settle the wandering ideas, and to fix the attention on it's proper object. The fervent repetition of a prayer inspires us with love and gratitude towards the Deity, and kindles the sparks of devotion within us: and it is easy to conceive, that, if the celebration of public worship was neglected among us only for one year, it would be a more fatal blow to religion, than all the weak attacks of infidels and free-thinkers.

But though forms may be said to compose the body, a good life is the soul of religion, without which the rest is but a dead mass. The most rigid compliance with every ordinance of the church, if it has no influence on our conduct, is rather a solemn mockery, than an atonement for our offences: as they, who receive the bread and wine without a firm resolution to lead a new life, are said to eat and drink their own damnation. Wherefore, a strict observance of this or that particular day is not a sufficient discharge of our duty, except it serve to rouze us from the lethargy of sin, to awaken in us a desire of becoming worthy the protection of the Almighty, by animating our faith, amending our lives, and working in us a repentance of our transgressions. Thus the Lord's day is not merely set apart for devotion, with an unlimited licence to wickedness all the rest of the week; but our being

particularly exercised in acts of piety for one day is calculated to strengthen our virtue, and to give a tincture of religion to our whole conduct through the other six.

On the present solemn occasion, I doubt not but every persuasive, tending to make this temporary fast a lasting benefit, will be urged by the clergy: I shall therefore content myself with touching on some laxities in the usual manner of keeping a fast; which, though they are not of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of from the pulpit, should yet be pointed out, as the violation of the fast in these particulars is almost universal.

The very name of a fast implies a day of abstinence, of mortification and self-denial; which has always been enjoined as a necessary means of subduing irregular desires, and fitting us for holy meditations. For this reason, in former days, when people of quality rose earlier than even mechanics now open their shops, when the court itself dined at eleven, that meal was deferred till four o'clock in compliance with this religious exercise, which was in those times a real abstinence, a true piece of mortification and self-denial. But if the observance of a fast consists in not dining till four o'clock, our persons of fashion may be said to fast every day of their lives. In truth, the several hours of the day are adapted to such very different employments to what they were formerly, that our four o'clock stands in the place of their eleven: and nothing can be more absurd, (to use no harsher term) than to adhere to the form in the performance of a religious act, when by the alteration of circumstances that form flatly contradicts the very meaning of it's original institution. I would also ask those rigid devotees, who observe this day in all the strictness of the letter, and would be shocked at the sight of a leg of mutton or beef-steak on their tables, whether the

dining upon salt or other fish may not be considered rather as feasting than fasting, if (as is often the case) it should happen to be a dish they are remarkably fond of. All these methods of keeping a fast without abstinence, mortification, or self-denial, are mere quibbles to evade the performance of our duty, and entirely frustrate the design of appointing this solemnity. There is something of this nature very commonly practised in France; where there are many families, who keep the whole lent with great strictness, but the last night of it invite a great deal of company to supper. The moment the clock strikes twelve, a magnificent entertainment, consisting of all sorts of rich fare, is served up, and these most christian debauchees sit down to indulge in luxury, without sinning against the canon.

I cannot conclude without an earnest wish, that the observation of the present fast may awaken in us a serious attention to our duty hereafter; that we may not seem to have barely complied with a stated form, or to have been affected with the short-lived piety of a single day. As to those, who require constantly to be frightened into their duty, I will for once venture to commence prophet: and let them be assured, that my predictions will infallibly come to pass. There is a danger, more certain than an earthquake or a comet, which will inevitably overwhelm us; a danger, from which we cannot possibly guard ourselves, and which perhaps is even now at our doors. This danger I cannot better set forth, than in the alarming words of a celebrated French preacher. "I know a man, (and I will point him out presently) who is now in this church; a man, in perfect health; a man in the flower of his age: and yet this man, perhaps before next Sunday, perhaps by to-morrow, will be in his grave. This man, my dear brethren, is myself who speaks to you, it is you who hear me."

N° 107. THURSDAY, FEB. 12, 1756.

Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores.—
JUV.

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce.
POPE.

TO MR. TOWN.

—— *College, Cambridge, Jan.* 30, 1756.

SIR,

I HAVE just now, with near a hundred more, taken the first degree, which this university confers on her sons; and begin to consider within myself, in what manner we have spent our time for these four years past, and what profit we are likely to receive hereafter from our academical studies. But upon retrospection I find, that, instead of having laid up a store of learning, which might have been of service to us in our future connections and intercourse with mankind, we have been confounding our heads with a miscellaneous heap of nonsense, which most of us, I am certain, are endeavouring to unlearn as fast as possibly we can: instead of having acquired such a share of common sense, as might have been of service to ourselves and acquaintance, we must entirely sell off our old stock, and begin the world of literature anew. This reflection cannot be very pleasing to those, who, I must say, have squandered away so very precious a time of life; a time of life, when, though judgment perhaps is not come to maturity, yet imagination and invention,

those noble offsprings of a promising mind, are in the very flower and bloom of perfection.

This seat of learning, for it undoubtedly deserves that name, has drawn and kept us together for some years: our manners, conversation, and studies bear a great similitude; but now either chance or choice is going to disperse us over the whole kingdom; and our places of abode will scarce be more widely different, than our schemes of life. Notwithstanding this, the same plan of study has been imposed on all: whether agreeable, or contrary to the bent of inclination, has never been regarded. Mathematics is the standard, to which all merit is referred; and all other excellencies, without these, are quite overlooked and neglected; the solid learning of Greece and Rome is a trifling acquisition; and much more so, every polite accomplishment: in short, if you will not get all Euclid and his diagrams by heart, and pore over Saunderson till you are as blind as he was himself, they will say of you, as in the motto to one of your late papers, *actum est! ilicet! peristi!* 'tis all over with you! you are ruined! undone!' Not that I would depreciate this kind of learning; it is certainly a most noble science, and reflects the greatest honour on human wit and invention: all that I complain of is the unreasonable stress that is laid upon it; nay, even the most abstruse parts of it: which is still more absurd, as there are so very few heads able to perceive and retain the nice chain of reasoning and deduction, which must necessarily be made use of: and as a small number of mathematical geniuses would be sufficient for the service of his majesty's dominions.

I take it for granted, that your sagacity has by this time discovered, that you have been addressed by a young man, whose too overweening conceit of himself has perhaps induced him to imagine, that the university has not sufficiently rewarded his deserts: if so, you are not deceived. But, though this disappointment

may at present sit a little uneasy upon me, yet I think I can foresee, that it will be the most fortunate mortification, that could possibly have befallen me. For, in the first place, it has sufficiently abated that upstart pride, which most young men are apt to take in their own abilities; than which nothing can be more irksome to all their acquaintance, or a greater impediment to their own real improvement. A pert scholar, whenever he enters a room of company, immediately assumes a superiority in discourse, and thinks himself obliged to correct all improprieties in thought or expression. You must 'speak by the card,' as Hamlet says, or expect the censure of this superficial coxcomb. If, according to the common form of speech, you say, that there is either heat in fire, or coldness in ice, he will inform you, that you deliver yourself very inaccurately, as Mr. Locke has fully demonstrated; he will tell you, you cannot prove, that two and two make four, or that you are alive yourself. These, and a thousand other observations equally impertinent, he is continually making, to the no small uneasiness and perplexity of the ladies and honest country gentlemen.

What is still a greater misfortune, is, that a man of this cast is never likely to know any better: for, having raked together a few metaphysical distinctions and scholastic refinements, he thinks he has laid up a sufficient fund of knowledge for his whole life: he despises all common sense (which is the best sense) through an ambition of appearing particular: and as for the advice or opinion of others, those he thinks himself indispensably bound to disregard; inasmuch as such submission implies some inferiority, which he would by no means be thought to labour under. Such a disposition as this I take to be the sure and infallible token of confirmed ignorance: a melancholy instance of the depravity of human nature, that the less we know, the more we presume; and the fewer advances

we have made towards true knowledge, the less occasion we think we have of any further improvement.

In the second place, if I may be allowed to judge of what I cannot possibly have experienced, I take it to be the greatest benefit to a young person to meet with early disappointments in life: for sooner or later every one must have his share of them; and the sooner we meet with some of them the better. By this means the mind is easily made familiar with crosses and vexations, and is not thrown off it's balance by every thwarting and wayward accident: by this means we submit to ills and troubles, as the necessary attendants on mankind; as on a rainy day we make ourselves quiet and contented, but hope for sunshine on the morrow. And, indeed, there seems to be a strong analogy between the inclemency of the weather attacking our bodies, and the storms of afflictions which batter our minds. The rain will beat and the wind will roar, let us use our utmost endeavours to the contrary; but by inuring our persons to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and using other proper methods, we shall feel no very sensible inconvenience from them. In like manner, all our skill and art cannot prevent or elude the rubs and disasters, to which we are liable; but if by degrees, and early in life, we are hardened and accustomed to them, and if by the help of reason and sound philosophy we arm and fortify ourselves against them, they may still perhaps reach us, but their shocks will be quite weak and languid; and we may say of the darts of Fortune, as Virgil says of Priam, when he hurled a javelin at Pyrrhus,

——— *Telum imbelle sine ictu*
Conjecit. ———

Short of it's aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble shaft falls hurtless to the ground.

Thus you see, Mr. Town, that out of a seeming evil I have discovered a real good: and I am certain, if this method of reasoning could be made universal, we should find much fewer murmurers against the present distribution and order of things.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

B. A.

Mr. Town,

I am so great an admirer of the fair sex, that I never let a tittle of their vendible writings escape me. I bought this year the Lady's Diary, merely because it was advertised as the Woman's Almanack, which I construed the Almanack composed by a woman; but I find I have been mistaken in my supposition. It is not the work of a female. The christian name of the author, I have reason to believe, is Marmaduke; unless I misunderstand a most curious copy of verses, describing a most superb entertainment, of fish, flesh, pies, and tarts, exhibited upon new year's day, 1755. His surname remains as great an ænigma as any in his book. His coadjutors, contributors, or assistants are Messieurs Walter Trott, Timothy Nabb, Patrick Ocavannah, John Honey, Henry Season, and others. I honour these gentlemen, and their works: but I own my chief delight is in reading over the riddles and unriddles, the questions and the answers of Miss Sally West, Cælia, Miss Nancy Evelyn, Miss E. S. Miss Atkinson, Enira, and other choice little feminine spirits of the age. Riddles are so becoming, and appear so pretty, when dandled about by ladies, that they may be compared to soft, smooth, painted, waxen babies, dressed up in a proper manner for misses to play with, from eighteen to fourscore. But above all I must take this opportunity of congratulating dear Miss Fanny Harris, who, I find, "has given an elegant solution to a prize problem by a fluxionary calculus

founded on the properties of tangents," and by that means has run away with no less than twelve diaries for this important year 1757. As this young lady is justly called "the honour of her sex," and deals entirely in the properties of tangents, I fear she will never descend so low as *riddleme riddlemeree;* and therefore I must humbly offer, by the vehicle of your paper, Mr. Town, a small riddle, invented with much pains and thought by myself, to the solution of those three ingenious spinsters, Miss Polly Walker, Miss Grace Tetlow, and Miss Ann Rickaby, to appear in the Lady's Diary of 1757, and to receive upon appearance, as a premium, one complete set of the Connoisseur in pocket volumes, to be the property of one or more of these three ladies, who shall explain my Ænigma.

Fire and water mix'd together,
Add to this some salt and tin;
Tell me, ladies, tell me whether
In this mixture there is sin?

The solution itself, if not truly explained by the Three Graces, to whom I now address it, shall appear, by your permission, in the first Connoisseur after next new year's day.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
MICHAEL KRAWBRIDGE.

N° 108. THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1756.

Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianæ.
VIRG.

Dire execrations split your ears asunder,
Death! and Damnation! Furies! Blood! and Thunder!

AS there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing: a practice, which (to say nothing at present of it's impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should choose to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman: but it is accounted no disgrace to him, to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By Gad* or a *Gad dem-me* minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piece-meal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and

every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourse to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprized at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's Polite Conversation: though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's or any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned their choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has, indeed, provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment; since the gentleman would escape by de-

positing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped in the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware, that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would, therefore, be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof. One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expleti-

of *God, devil,* and *damn,* which he did not think qui so becoming for one of his cloth to make free wit I would recommend it to our people of fashion make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever t are obliged to have recourse to these substitu thought and expression. 'Bottle and glass,' might l introduced with great energy in the table-talk at King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gai might be indulged, without offence, in sv the 'knave of clubs,' or the 'curse of Sc be might, with some propriety, retain the tion of 'the duce take it.' The beau sho lowed 'to swear by his gracious self, which is the of his idolatry:' and the common expletives consist only of 'upon my word,' and 'upon my h hour;' which terms, whatever sense they might fo merly bear, are at present understood only as wor of course without meaning.

O

N° 109. THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1756.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est, ubi peccat.
HOR.

What ev'ry body says, is of often true;
But very often 'tis a falsehood too.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquir after truth, the famous Sir Thomas Brown, for an e cellent treatise, in which he has refuted several id and ridiculous opinions, that prevailed in his time; which work he has very properly given the title Vulgar Errors. Among others, of no less importanc

he has taken great pains to explode the common notion, that a witch can make a voyage to the East Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick: an assertion maintained by that wise monarch, king James the first, who even condescended to commence author in support of it. He has also refuted the generally received opinion, that the devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven stump; nay, has even denied, that wheresoever he goes, he always leaves a smell of brimstone behind him; and has no less seriously endeavoured to shew the absurdity of the supposition, that Adam and Eve were born into the world without navels. But all these mistaken notions, though they might possibly obtain belief in former times of superstition and ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt of the existence of the witch of Endor: that illustrious personage the devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear: and the lowest mechanics have been taught at the Robin Hood Society, that the whole account of our first parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's story.

Since the days of Sir Thomas Brown such strange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and sciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think, a work, intended as a supplement to the above-mentioned treatise of Vulgar Errors, would be highly acceptable to the public; since it is notorious, that many tenets, which were then thought indisputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uninformed vulgar. A work of this nature it is my intention shortly to publish: in the mean time, I shall content myself with laying the following specimen of the performance before my readers.

The ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it, "to be absolutely impossible that a maid can be with child." But it is well known to the learned, that in these later times there have been many instances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the west-wind, like Virgil's mares, or, as it was said of Juno, by eating a sallad; whether they bring forth, as Dutch ladies do, Sooterkins; whether they conceive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cause, has not been ascertained. Several instances have been recorded, among the Roman catholics, of nuns and lady abbesses, who have miraculously proved with child: and here in England we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a maid of honour. I myself know a lady, almost approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-cholic: for relief of which she went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly seized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the most unspotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, just as they were going to tap her for the dropsy. An eminent man midwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his practice called to a virgin, who to his great surprize, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly resembling a mandrake. This he considered as a most wonderful *lusus naturæ;* and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monster) to be laid before the Royal Society: but in less than a twelvemonth he delivered the same lady, who still continued in a state of virginity, of another false conception, like the former; and for many years after this prodigy of a virgin had several other monstrous and preternatural births of the same kind. He further assures me, that he has since very frequently met with these *phænomena;* and that the only difference between

maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifest the signs of pregnancy so fully in their waists, nor do they cry out so vehemently in their labour pains; and it is remarkable, that they never choose to suckle their children.

It is vulgarly supposed, that "the events of gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune:" but the wise and polite, that is the knowing ones, cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, seem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The professors at Arthur's, and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons, at reasonable rates, to those novices, who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain: and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the *bias*, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

It is a notion confined wholly to the vulgar, that "matrimony brings people together:" but it is notorious, that in higher life a marriage is the most effectual method to keep them asunder. It is impolite for a man and his wife ever to be seen together in public; and a person of quality had rather enjoy a *tête à tête* with any body's wife, but his own, in private. Genteel couples have separate amusements, pay separate visits, keep separate company, lie in separate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-house) are never seen together: nay more, if they are very genteel indeed, the lady has her separate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of fashion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reside in the same house, partake of the same diversions, and observe every other article of the strictest cohabitation. The surest way

of dissolving a connection of this sort is to marry. Sir John Brute bluntly declares, that, if he was married to a hogshead of claret, the thought of matrimony would make him hate it. Thus, in general, the very names of wife and husband are sufficient to destroy all affection: and it was but a day or two ago that I met with a sprightly young gentleman much of the same opinion with Sir John; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a mistress, and reminded that man and wife were one flesh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleasure could he have in touching his own flesh? Modern wedlock, therefore, may be rather said to divide, than unite: at least, if matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to separate them more effectually; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other by the principle of repulsion.

It may well be called a Vulgar Error, since none but the vulgar think so, that "the sabbath is a day of rest." It is, as experience teaches us, a day of business with some, of pleasure with others, but of rest with none. It is true, indeed, that a cessation from worldly occupations, together with roast beef and plum-pudding, were formerly the characteristics of the sabbath in England: but these inactive principles are now entirely out of fashion; nor do I know any person, who is strictly debarred from exercising his employment on that day, except the sheriff's officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would sustain, on an average, by the loss of a seventh part of his time, defrauds the sabbath of it's due rights, as he cheats his customers, in the way of trade. As to people of quality, they, I suppose, (duly considering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite system) are willing to husband the little time

allotted them, by adding "night to day, and Sunday to the week."

If old woman was not a term frequently made use of by the perverse and impolite multitude, I should hardly attempt to prove so clear and obvious a proposition, as that 'there is no such thing in the creation as an old woman.' Old women are, indeed, mentioned by some few writers: but I have always looked upon their existence to be as chimerical, as that of the Brobdignags or the Yahoos; and I do not believe, that there has ever been such an animal in nature since the flood. In the present distant period we are unable to conceive the least idea of such a creature, as the same appearance of youth, the same lilies and roses bloom on the faces of the whole sex. For a proof of this, if we look round at the opera, the playhouse, a lady's route, or any other assembly, we may observe, that all our girls, whether of a smaller or of a larger growth, assume the same air of gaiety and intrigue, and wear the same complexions. A limner of great business has often declared to me, that though he has had several mothers, and grandmothers, and great grandmothers sit to him, he never yet drew the picture of an old woman. Medea is said to have renewed the youth and vigour of her father Æson by boiling him, with certain magic herbs, in a cauldron: but I will not presume to say, that our ladies are preserved from old-age by stewing in a copper, or that, according to a more modern notion, old women are ground young again by a mill. This, however, is certain; that youth, as well as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative of the female sex; and that age, though it sits venerably on a man, would no more become a lady, than a beard.

In an age so enlightened as the present, when we have thrown off all other mean prejudices of nature and education, it is no wonder, that we should discard

the gospel; and I am almost in doubt, whether should mention the belief of it as a Vulgar Erro since it daily loses it's credit among us. Wherefor if I may not be allowed to set down the belief in God, a Saviour, a Future State, the Immortality of t Soul, &c. &c. as prevailing Errors, I cannot omit a fair an opportunity of congratulating my contempora ries on their having overcome them. Nor can I conclude this paper, than by a hint to my frien m freethinkers, cautioning them to consider, whe , we were made by chance, the world was n b chance, and every thing else was made by ca there may not also be an hell made by chance.

O

N° 110. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

Contractâ melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam.

HOR.

Virtue shall go scot-free; our new excise
From vice and folly shall raise large supplies.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

EVERY Englishman, who has the good of h country at heart, must lament the perplexity wh our ministers labour under, in contriving ways a means to raise money for the present exigence of a fairs. I have with pleasure hearkened to the seven projects proposed in the debates of patriots in our c fee-houses and private clubs; but though I find t are unanimous in allowing the necessity of levy

new taxes, [illegible] from himself.

I was [illegible] thy citizens, [illegible] consideration [illegible] a grave gentleman, [illegible] pocket, and putting [illegible] the several methods [illegible] wise objections were [illegible] pany. 'What's that [illegible] wards found [illegible] duty upon [illegible] suppose they will [illegible] and by.' This [illegible] chuckle of [illegible] when another [illegible] much approved the [illegible] cards and [illegible] books, and the [illegible] might perhaps have passed [illegible] if it had not been vehemently opposed by one member (whom I discovered to be a silversmith) in which he was seconded by the landlord of the house, who had a seat in this meeting, and told us, 'that it would lie very hard upon publicans, as nobody would now drink their porter out of a pewter pot.' These and the like arguments induced us to set aside all the projects, that had been offered hitherto, and to consult together in order to find new ones in their room; among which I could not but smile at the proposal of an honest peruke-maker, who advised the levying of a *poll*-tax upon all that wore their own hair. 'For, says he, we have never had good times, since wigs were out of fashion. What rare days were those in queen Anne's reign, when the nobility and gentry wore large flaxen flows of thirty guineas price! And, as you may see by my lord Godolphin's monument in

Westminster-abbey, a prime minister's wig could not be made, I am sure, under fifty guineas.'

The discourse, that passed at this society of i- cians, has led me to turn my thoughts on de some method, that might answer the present dei for a supply, with the least injury to the community. On this account I am of opinion, that private vi (according to the favourite tenet of Maundeville) in some measure be converted into public benefits, by laying a certain tax or duty on the fashionable amusements of the gay and polite world. For this purpose I have with great pains and labour contrived a plan, a few heads of which, without further preface, I shall (with your leave) submit to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

First then, I would propose, that no persons of quality, or others, should be allowed to keep any route, drum, assembly, visiting-day (or whatever other name it may hereafter be called by) at which more than one hundred persons shall be found assembled, without paying a certain rate for every su route, drum, &c. The number of these meetin which are held in this town (including the city London and the suburbs thereof) I have comp upon an exact calculation, to amount annually to thousand three hundred and upwards; so that if a at only sixpence per head, were to be levied the company, it would bring in a prodigious inco to the government; deducting for the decrease c quent of this tax, as also for those which we may expect will be smuggled, or carried on clandestinely. And, as gaming is an essential diversion at all these meetings, I would further advise, that every card-table be entered, in the same manner as all wheel-carriages, and a proportionable rate fixed on them, according to the degree and quality of the owners. Be it en moreover, that extraordinary licenses shall be

out for playing at cards on the sabbath-day; but that these be granted only to persons of the highest rank and fashion.

At the present juncture of affairs every one will agree with me, that if an absolute prohibition be impracticable, an heavy duty should be laid on the importation of French fashions and fopperies into this kingdom. It is therefore but reasonable, that all French cooks, valets de chambre, milliners, mantua-makers, hair-cutters, &c. should be at least doubly taxed, as it is notorious that they exact from the dupes, who employ them, more than double the wages or price for their labours, that our own modest countrymen would require. This tax, I make no doubt, would produce no inconsiderable sum for the public use: and as our ladies, though I would not suspect that they have French hearts, are ambitious of wearing French complexions, a further sum might also be raised by fixing a high duty upon rouge and carmine.

There are many other particulars in the fashionable world, which might be turned in the same manner to the public good. A tax on kept mistresses, for example, who are now become so very numerous, that I question not but a duty, properly levied on them, would be sufficient to maintain all the widows of our soldiers and sailors, who shall happen to be killed in the service. An heavy duty might also be laid on all Bagnios, French-wine-houses, Covent-garden coffee-houses, &c. and since, in spite of laws and decency, these places are suffered to be kept open, it is surely equitable that they should pay round taxes for the relief of the nation, as well as an annual tribute for the connivance of the neighbouring justices. To add to this scheme, and to make vice and folly further contribute to the public necessity, I would also propose, that Messieurs Harris, Derry, and the rest of the fraternity of pimps, retained as caterers to the volup-

tuous at any tavern or bagnio, should enter all the hacks in their service at an excise office appropriated to this purpose; and that, to prevent frauds, as well as to point out the means of application to the office for redress in case of complaint, these hacks should all be marked and numbered, like the hackney-coaches.

As it is incumbent on every Englishman to expose his life in defence of his country against the common enemy, I must particularly recommend, that some means may be devised, that the gallant feats of those men of honour, who rather choose to risk their lives in the modish way of duelling, may be attended with some advantage to their countrymen. I would therefore advise, that swords and pistols, of a settled length and bore, with the Tower-stamp, be provided by the government for the use of duellists, and that they shall not presume to make use of any other, under pain of incurring the guilt of murder. These weapons may be let out at a certain price; and if one of the parties happen to kill the other, the survivor shall be subject to a fine according to his rank and station, and a jury shall be directed to bring in a verdict self-defence. In like manner, persons of quality may have leave granted them to put an end to their own lives, after an ill run at cards, or the like emergent occasions; when, on paying a certain rate, they may be indulged in a private execution from the hands of Jack Ketch, and the coroner's inquest shall be directed to bring in their verdict, lunacy.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

As you are a Connoisseur, I shall make no apology for desiring you to give the following advertisement (which has already appeared in the Daily Advertiser)

a place in some corner of your paper. By doing this you will greatly oblige the *virtuosi* in flowers, as well as

Your humble servant, &c.

TO BE SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION,

At Half a Guinea each Plant,

An Auricula, raised by Mr. William Redmond, at Islington, named the Triumph; having fine grass, a strong stem, a certain blower, a large trusser, the fingers a just length, a good pip for size and shape, the eye extremely white, the thrum full, the margin a beautiful purple black, finely variegated with silver and green, continues long in bloom, and dies in colour. No plant to be sold for less than one guinea after the subscription is closed, until the bloom is over.

N° 111. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

Tandem desine matrem.

HOR.

With dear mamma O make not such a pother!
But strive to be a man before your mother.

THE generality of the young unmarried ladies of the present age dislike no company so much as the elderly persons of their own sex, whether married or unmarried. Going with an old maiden aunt, a mamma, or grand-mamma to the play, or to Ranelagh, is so insipid an amusement, that it robs their entertainment of the very name of a party of pleasure. To be handed into a box, walk in the public gardens, or make one at a

card-table at a route, with a sprightly young nobleman, or gallant colonel of the guards, has some life in it; but to be kept perpetually under the wing of an old lady, can have no charms for a woman of spirit. The presence of these antiquated females imposes a constraint on their behaviour: they are, indeed, like the Duennas in Spain, spies on the conduct of the gay and young; and a good old gentlewoman, with a blooming beauty by her side, watches her every motion, and is as much frighted, if the pretty creature makes any advances to a man, as a hen, who has been foster-mother to a brood of ducklings, is alarmed at their taking to the water.

This loose coquet behaviour so much in vogue, and consequently so genteel, has, I must own, no charms in my eye, as a modest deportment appears to me most natural and becoming in the fair sex; and I am always glad to see a young lady of sufficient sense and discretion, to behave with an innocent cheerfulness, instead of apparent uneasiness and constraint, before her more aged female friends and relations. But though a daughter should prefer no company to her mother, a son, who always dangled at the side of his mamma, would appear as ridiculous as if he wore his sister's petticoats; and however amiable this maidenly demeanor might seem in a young girl, I cannot view it with equal approbation in the character of a male-virgin;—a character, with which I shall here present the reader, as drawn by one of my correspondents.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

You have already given us several instances of those ambiguous creatures among the men, who are both male and female: permit me to add to them an account of those lady-like gentlemen, whom we may

distinguish by the title of "their mother's own sons;" who have in vain changed the bib and leading-strings for the breeches, and stick as close to their mammas, as a great calf to the side of an old cow. I am intimately acquainted with one of these over-grown babies; who is indeed too big to be dandled in lap, or fed with a pap-spoon, though he is no more weaned from his mother, than if he had not yet quitted the nursery.

The delicate Billy Suckling is the contempt of the men, the jest of the women, and the darling of his mamma. She doats on him to distraction; and is in perpetual admiration of his wit, and anxiety for his health. The good young gentlemen, for his part, is neither undutiful nor ungrateful: she is the only woman that he does not look on with indifference; and she is his tutoress, his physician, and his nurse. She provides his broth every evening; will not suffer him to look into a book by candle-light, lest he should hurt his eyes; and takes care to have his bed warmed: nay, I have known him sit with his mamma's white handkerchief round his neck through a whole visit, to guard him from the wind of that ugly door, or that terrible chink in the wainscot.

But however familiarly he may behave in his addresses to his mother, and whatever little acts of gallantry may pass between them, no encouragement can prevail on him to treat other women with the same freedom. Being once desired at a ball to dance a minuet, instead of taking out any of the young ladies, he could pitch upon no partner so agreeable, to whom he might offer the compliment of his hand, as his mother; and I remember, when he was once called upon in a large company at a tavern to give a lady in his turn, he plainly shewed who was the sole mistress of his affections, by toasting his mother. The gallant custom of challenging a lady to drink a bumper, by

leaving it to her option whether she will have hob or nob, frequently gives a delicious flavour to the liquor, especially when, as I have known it happen, joining the lips of the glasses has made a prelude to a meeting between the lips of the parties: but he could not be prevailed on to accept a glass of claret from the fairest hand, though a kiss were sure to follow it. I have known him so very nice, as to refuse a glass of sack filled with walnuts, which had been peeled by the snowy fingers of a beautiful young lady; though I have seen him smack his lips after a glass of raisin wine, in which his prudent mother had been dabbling with her snuffy finger, in order to fish out the small particles of cork, which might possibly have choaked him.. If a lady drops her fan, he sits without any emotion, and suffers her to stoop for it herself; or if she strikes the tea-cup against the saucer to give notice that it is empty, he pays no regard to the signal, but sees her walk up to the tea-table, without stirring from his chair. He would rather leave the most celebrated beauty, in crossing the street, to the mercy of a drayman, than trust her with his little finger: though at the same time, should his mother be so distressed, he would not scruple to bear as much of her weight as he could stand under, and to redeem her silk stockings from jeopardy, would even expose his own.

One would imagine, that this extreme coyness and reserve, in which he so remarkably differs from the generality of his own sex, would in another respect as effectually distinguish him from the generality of women: I mean, that being less polite in his address than a footman, we should hardly expect to find him more loquacious than a chambermaid. But this is really the case: suffer him to take the lead in conversation, and there are certain topics, in which the most prating gossip at a christening would find it difficult to

cope with him. The strength of his constitution is his favourite theme: he is constantly attempting to prove, that he is not susceptible of the least injury from cold; though a hoarseness in his voice, and the continual interruptions of a consumptive cough, give him the lie in his throat at the end of every sentence. The instances, indeed, by which he endeavours to prove his hardiness, unluckily rather tend to convince us of the delicacy of his frame, as they seldom amount to more than his having kicked off the bed-clothes in his sleep, laid aside one of his flannel waistcoats in a hot day, or tried on a new pair of pumps, before they had been sufficiently aired. For the truth of these facts he always appeals to his mamma, who vouches for him with a sigh, and protests that his carelessness would ruin the constitution of a horse.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary part of his character. This pusillanimous creature thinks himself, and would be thought, a buck. The noble fraternity of that order find, that their reputation can be no otherwise maintained, than by prevailing on an Irish chairman now and then to favour them with a broken head, or by conferring the same token of their esteem on the unarmed and defenceless waiters at a tavern. But these feats are by no means suited to the disposition of our hero: and yet he always looks upon his harmless exploits as the bold frolicks of a buck. If he escapes a nervous fever a month, he is quite a buck: if he walks home after it is dark, without his mamma's maid to attend him, he is quite a buck: if he sits up an hour later than his usual time, or drinks a glass or two of wine without water, he calls it a debauch; and because his head does not ache the next morning, he is quite a buck. In short, a woman of the least spirit within the precincts of St. James's would demolish him in a week, should he pretend to keep pace

with her in her irregularities; and yet he is ever dign fying himself with the appellation of a buck.

Now might it not be giving this gentleman a usefi hint, Mr. Town, to assure him, that while milk an water is his darling liquor, a bamboo cane his clul and his mother the sole object of his affections, th world will never join in denominating him a buck that if he fails in this attempt, he is absolutely excluc ed from every order in society; for whatever his de serts may be, no assembly of antiquated virgins ca ever acknowledge him for a sister, nature having s deplorably disqualified him for that rank in the com munity, as he has disqualified himself for every other and that, though he never can arrive at the dignity c leading apes in hell, he may possibly be condemned t dangle in that capacity, at the apron-string of an ol maid in the next world, for having so abominably re sembled one in this.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W. C.

N° 112. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo:
Per juga chrysolithi, positaque ex ordine gemmæ.
OVID.

Here on a fair one's head-dress sparkling sticks,
Swinging on silver springs, a coach and six:
There on a sprig or slop'd *pompon* you see
A chariot, sulky, chaise, or *vis-à-vis*.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has for a long time been observable that the ladies heads have run much upon wheels; but of late there has appeared a strange kind of inversion, for the wheels now run upon the ladies heads. As this assertion may probably puzzle many readers, who pay no attention to the rapid and whimsical revolutions of modern taste, it will be necessary to inform them, that instead of a cap, the present mode is for every female of fashion to load her head with some kind of carriage; whether they are made with broad wheels or not, I cannot determine; however, as they are undoubtedly excluded the Turnpike Act, it is by no means material. Those heads which are not able to bear a coach and six (for vehicles of this sort are very apt to crack the brain) so far act consistently with prudence as to make use of a post-chariot, or a single-horse chaise with a beau perching in the middle.

The curiosity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of these machines,

led me to make inquiry about them of a fashionable milliner, at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the sight of one of these equipages, designed for the head of a lady of quality, which I surveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself, like Gulliver, taking up the empress of Lilliput in her state-coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple greys of blown glass, with a coachman, postillion, and gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture. Upon further enquiry, the milliner told me, with a smile, that it was difficult to give a reason for inventions so full of whim, but that the name of this ornament (if it may be called such) was a capriole or cabriole; which we may trace from the same original with our English word caprice, both being derived from the French word *cabrer*, which signifies to prance like a horse.

It is not to be doubted, but that this fashion took its rise among the ladies from their fondness for equipage; and I dare say, that every fair one, who carries a coach and six upon her head, would be glad to be carried with equal splendour in a coach of her own. I would therefore propose a scheme, which might render this whimsical mode of some kind of service to both sexes; by which the ladies may give a tacit hint of their inclinations without the least breach of modesty, the men may prevent the danger and inconvenience attending the present method of advertising for wives, and the whole course of a modern courtship may be carried on, by means of this new head-dress.

Instead of a capriole, suppose this capital decoration was called a scutcheon of pretence, which must not be here understood as a term of heraldry, but as an invitation to matrimony. Thus if a lady presumes that she has a right, either from her wit, beauty, merit, or fortune, to pretend to a set of horses, let six bright

bays, blacks, or greys, prance down one side of her head; and according to the rank she insists upon, let a ducal or an earl's coronet, or a bloody hand be distinguished upon her capriole. The females of less ambition may likewise express their inclinations by a post-chariot and pair; and even those who, from a due consideration of the low condition of the funds, are so condescending as to stoop to a plain cit, have nothing to do but to fix upon their heads a single-horse chaise, filled with a loving couple, sticking as close together as two dried figs. As to those who have rashly vowed virginity, if their great proneness to censure the rest of their sex, and the fretfulness of their aspect, be not sufficient indications to keep the men at a distance, they may erect upon their noddles a formal female seated in a sulky, foolishly pleased with having the whole vehicle to herself, and awkwardly exercising the imaginary power of having the sole command of the reins.

As a farther means of facilitating this new method of courtship, I must beg leave to propose, that every lady's bosom should, instead of a pendent cross, which savours of popery, be ornamented with a chain and locket, something like those bottle-tickets, which direct us to port, claret, or burgundy, upon which might be curiously engraved the numbers two hundred, five hundred, or a thousand, according to the settlement expected. But to those female Quixotes who scorn the capriole, and erect windmills upon their heads instead of it, I shall offer a word of advice worthy their attention; which is, that they would provide a pipe of communication, to be conveyed from these machines to the brain, and constituted upon the model of the ingenious Dr. Hale's ventilators, that, whenever the sails of the windmill are put into motion by the external air, they may draw off all pernicious

vapours, which may occasion a vertigo in the inside, as well as on the outside of their heads.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

H.

I am much pleased with the proposal of my ingenious correspondent, and think it particularly well adapted to the present disposition of the ladies. A fondness for showy equipages is now become one of their darling passions; and the splendour in which they are to be maintained, seems to be one of the chief considerations in modern matches. If a fine lady can be carried to court in a chair richly ornamented, or roll to the opera in a gilt chariot, she little considers with how disagreeable a companion she goes through the journey of life: and a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man, who drives but a beggarly pair, than she could be contented with being tumbled down to his country seat, like Punch's wife to Rumford, in a wheelbarrow.

The ladies having thus strongly manifested their passion for equipage, the gentlemen, I suppose, out of mere gallantry, and in order to further the gratification of their desires, have taken great pains to convert themselves into coachmen, grooms, and jockies. The flapped hat, the jemmy frock with plate buttons and a leathern belt, and the pride which some young men of quality take in driving, are all calculated, the better to qualify them for being the ladies humble servants. I am therefore for extending my correspondent's scheme: and as the ladies now adorn their heads with the sign of a coach and six, like the door of a Meuse alehouse, I would have the gentlemen also bear these emblematical vehicles; by which the other sex may, by a single glance at a lover's head, see in what state they will be supported: as we know a clergyman by his rose, or an officer by his cockade.

The pretty fellows, who study dress, might shew a great deal of invention in suiting their caprioles to their circumstances. Any nobleman or gentleman, who has the honour to be a knowing one, might shew his affection for the turf by carrying the horse and jockey; another, who is an excellent driver, might bear his own figure exalted in a phaeton; and a third, who thinks of picking up a partner for life, that can be pleased with a *tête-à-tête* or sober picquet party with her husband, may bear a *vis-à-vis*. In a word, all the different proposals of various suitors might be made by means of these ornaments, which might be worn over the foreheads of the beaux, like the white horse in the grenadiers' caps; and the ladies might be as much smitten with a promising capriole on the head of a lover, as heretofore with an elegant periwig.

If this mode should prevail, the concluding a treaty of marriage between two persons of quality might be considered in the same light, and expressed in the same terms, as making a match at Newmarket; and instead of the hacknied phrases at present used by our news-writers, we might perhaps see the important articles, concerning marriages, drawn up after the following manner.

We hear that a match will be shortly made between the mourning coach and six of a merchant's widow with a great jointure, and a hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horse, highly valued for his blood, is expected to start soon with a young filly from Yorkshire. Many thousand pounds are depending on this match.

A few days ago a young fellow from Ireland, mounted on a single horse, attacked an heiress in her coach and six. The lady made little or no resistance, and suffered herself to be taken out of the coach, and carried off behind him.

A gay coach and six, belonging to a young heir just of age, came to town last week in great splendour, and was intended to be matched with an equipage of the same kind: but having unfortunately run against Arthur's chocolate-house, it broke down, and the owner was very much hurt.

We hear from Bath, that the post-chaise of a young lady of great beauty lately made its appearance in the long room, and soon after went off with the landau of a neighbouring country 'squire.

We are also informed from the same place, that an old-fashioned two-wheel chaise with a single horse, contrived to hold only one person, had driven about the walks for some time; but having jostled against the sulky of an old bachelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them together; when they formed a most agreeable *vis-à-vis*, for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

N° 113. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis Numina!——

JUV.

O hallow'd ground! a grove here rev'rend nods,
Here thick plantations rise of all the gods.

VIRTÙ is almost the only instance in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the present age; and our persons of rank acquire just enough scholarship, to qualify themselves for Connoisseurs. This sort of students become sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the ancients, to learn

the least interesting particulars concerning them. They can distinguish a Tiberius from a Trajan, know the pantheon from the amphitheatre, and can explain the difference between the *prætexta* and the *tunica:* which (only supposing the present times to have elapsed some hundred years) is just as deep knowledge, as if some future antiquary should discover the difference between a Carolus and an Anna, or St. Paul's church and Drury-lane playhouse, or a full-trimmed suit and a French frock.

But the full display of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decorations of parks, gardens, &c. and centred in that important monosyllable, taste. Taste comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and sheds its influence on every lawn, avenue, grass-plot, and parterre. Taste has peopled the walks and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Christian theology from our creed, taste has introduced the heathen mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, Neptune, at the command of taste, emerges from the bason, and presides in the middle; or if a vista is cut through a grove, it must be terminated by a Flora, or an Apollo. As the ancients held that every spot of ground had it's guardian genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, so in the gardens laid out by modern taste every walk is peopled with gods and goddesses, and every corner of it has its tutelar deity. Temples are erected to all the train of deities mentioned in Homer or Ovid, which edifices, as well as their several statues, are adorned with Latin or Greek inscriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own surprising stock of literature, which he sees drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inscribed upon his gallipots.

These persons of taste may be considered as a sort of learned idolaters, since they may be almost said to adore these graven images, and are quite enthusiastic in their veneration of them. The following letter may possibly give them some offence; but as I have myself no extravagant fondness for a Jupiter Tonans or a Belvidere Apollo, I heartily wish the scheme proposed by my correspondent may take place, though it should reduce the price of heathen godheads.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

At a time when all wise heads are considering of ways and means to raise taxes, that may prove the least oppressive to indigence, and the most effectually restrictive of luxury, permit me to propose (as a supplement to the thoughts of one of your correspondents on this subject) a national tax upon gods.

It is a strange but an undeniable truth, Mr. Town, that if you and I were to travel through England, and to visit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his seat, the esquire at the hall-house, and even the divine at his parsonage, we should find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each mansion, stuffed and ornamented with heathen gods.

In the present declining state of our established religion, I almost tremble to consider what may be the consequences of these ready made deities. Far be it from me to suppose that the great and the rich will worship any god whatsoever; but still I am induced to fear that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worship ridiculed and laid aside, may foolishly take to these molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find. If a tax on wheels has put down some hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reason, a tax upon gods may pull down an equal, if

not a greater number of statues. I would also offer another proposal; which is this: That an oak be immediately planted wherever a statue has been taken away; by which means those vast woods, which of late years have been cut down in England, to supply the immediate necessities of the illustrious Arthurities in St. James's-street, may be in some measure supplied to future generations.

Among our present taxes, some of them fall upon branches of splendor, not totally luxurious. Wheel-carriages may be necessary; want of health or lameness of limbs may require them: but what necessities can we pretend for statues in our gardens, Penates in our libraries, and Lares on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared submissions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has destroyed his chapel, merely because he could not put up statues in it, and has filled his garden with every god, that can be found in Spence's Polymetis. Another of my friends, after having placed a Belvidere Apollo very conspicuously and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an obelisk to the Sun: and this expence he has not put himself to for the beauty of the obelisk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the splendor of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only because, being in possession of copies or originals of every deity that Greece or Italy could boast, he was resolved to have the god of Persia to complete his collection. A poll-tax therefore upon gods and goddesses, be their representation what it will, suns, dogs, moons, or monkies, is absolutely necessary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the state.

Happening to be the other day at Slaughter's coffee-house, in St. Martin's-lane, I saw two very fine statues of Fame and Fortune, brought out of Mr. Roubilliac's gate, and exposed to view, before they were nailed up.

and carted. The boy of the house told us they were to be placed upon the top of Sir Thomas ——'s chapel in Hampshire. 'Is it for such as these' (observed a sneering papist, who stood near me,) 'that crucifixes have been removed, and that reverend saints and martyrs have been destroyed, and pounded into dust? Is it for these, that St. Peter has been broken to pieces, and St. Paul melted down into water-pipes? Must Our Lady make room for Proserpine? And the holy giant St. Christopher fall a victim to the Farnesian Hercules? Will you not agree with me, Sir,' continued he, 'that as men are induced, and almost constrained, to judge of others by their own manners and inclinations, we who are supposed to worship the images of Christians, must naturally conclude, that the protestants of the church of England worship the images of heathens?' I confess I was at a loss how to answer the acuteness of his questions; and must own that I cannot help thinking St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, or St. Dunstan taking the devil by the nose, as proper ornaments for a chapel, as any pagan deities whatever.

Hitherto I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors, but were we to enter the several mansions whose avenues and demesnes are adorned in the manner I describe, we should find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monstrous images that the idolatry of India can produce. I will not presume to infer that the ladies address kitoos (prayers which the Japanese make use of in time of public distress) to their Ingens, but I am apt to surmise, that in times of danger and invasion, some of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the approach of the French to their china than to their chapels, and would sooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a grotesque chimney-piece figure of a Chinese saint with numberless heads and arms. I have not yet digested my thoughts, in

what manner the fair sex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires consideration. At present, I am of opinion, they ought to spared, and the whole burthen entirely laid upon those Bramins and Imams, whose idolatrous temples lie publicly open to our streets.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MOSES ORTHODOX.

N° 114. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam.
Hor.

Fly! neighbours, fly! he raves; his verses show it;
Fly! or you're caught, you're bit by a mad poet.

I REMEMBER, when I was very young, a relation carried me to visit a gentleman who had wrote some pieces that had been very well received, and made me very happy by promising to introduce me to an author. As soon as I came, I surveyed his whole person from top to toe with the strictest attention, sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered, and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening, "I am in company with an author," and waited with the most anxious impatience to hear him deliver something, that might distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great cheerfulness and politeness: but he did not at all answer the idea, which I had conceived of an author; and I

went exceedingly disappointed, because I could not find any striking difference between him and the rest of my acquaintance.

There is no character in human life, which is the subject of more frequent speculation among the vulgar, than an author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be something different from all other people: and it is remarkable with what greediness they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and conversation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By some he is supposed never to stir out of a garret, to wear a rusty black coat, dirty shirt, and darned stockings, and to want all the necessaries, as well as conveniences, of life; while others regard him as a creature superior to the rest of mortals, and endowed with something more than reason. One part, therefore, is surprised to see him walk abroad, and appear as well dressed as other people; and another is disappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life, no better than any other common man.

Nor is it less curious to consider the different ideas they conceive of the manner, in which the business of writing is executed. The novice in literature, "smit with the love of sacred song," but not yet dipt in ink, supposes it all rapture and enthusiasm, and in imagination sees the author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables; while the mechanic considers him as working at his trade, and thinks he can sit down to write, whenever he pleases, as readily as the smith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the author with some veneration as a scholar: but writing appears to him a mighty easy business, and he smiles, whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it;

nor has he the least conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harrassed with pursuing a long train of ideas.

As people are led frequently to judge of a man from his ordinary conversation, so it is common for them to form an idea of the author's disposition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be spread over the face of a mathematician; a controversial writer must be given to wrangling and dispute; and they imagine, that a satirist must be made up of spleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate: I know an author of a tragedy, who is the merriest man living; and one who has wrote a very witty comedy, though he will sit an hour in company without speaking a word. Lord Buckhurst is celebrated for being "the best good man with the worst natured muse;" and Addison was remarkably shy and reserved in conversation. I remember, I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a physician, who were no less famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence in their several professions. After the usual common topics were discussed, the physician and the poet fell into a dispute concerning predestination; the divine smoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myself formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it possible to conjure up the spirits of the most eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addison would probably sit staring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himself with sucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine spilt upon the table, or twirling the cork-screw round his finger.

The strange prejudices, which some persons conceive against authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the service of literature: or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the press, he steals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy, as he would perhaps, on another occasion, to a surgeon. He is afraid, that he shall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will despise him as a low wretch, as soon as they discover him to be an author: as if merely the appearing in print was a disgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a stamp of shame and ignominy. These are the terrors, which at first disturb the peace of almost every author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out, "O that mine enemy had written a book!"

These fearful apprehensions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or suppress, out of deference to the world: but, if this false modesty is too much cherished, it must of course damp all genius, and discourage every literary undertaking. Why should it be disgraceful to exert the noblest faculties given us by nature? and why should any man blush at acquitting himself well in a work, which there is scarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even supposing an author to support himself by the profit arising from his works, there is nothing more dishonest, scandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politest of all professions) living on his commission. Sense and genius are as proper commodities to traffic in, as courage; and an author is no more to be condemned as a hackney scribbler, though he writes at the rate of so much per sheet, than a colonel should be despised as a mercenary and a bravo, for exposing himself to be slashed, stuck, and shot at for so much per

day. The truth is, that authors themselves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a disgrace on the service of literature, by being ashamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire, in his letters on the English, relates a remarkable instance of this kind of false pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his respects to a writer so much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough, but replied, that he should be glad to see him as a common gentleman, but would not be considered or conversed with as an author. The French writer was a good deal surprised at such a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that, if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he should never have had any desire of seeing him.

I have often pleased myself with reflecting on the different opinions, which my readers must have formed of me, since my first appearance as an author. As poverty is one of the general characteristics of our brotherhood, those, who indulge themselves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not, often painted me to their imagination in a very grotesque taste. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often represented me lodged at least three stories from the ground, composing dissertations on the modern taste in architecture: at another time I may have been delineated sitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of a heathen philosopher, writing satires on the present modes in dress: and sometimes perhaps they have figured me half-starved for want of a hearty meal, penning invectives against luxury and debauchery.

But while these have reduced me to this low condition, and "steeped me in poverty to the very lips," I flatter myself, that some few have bestowed on me an extraordinary share of virtue and understanding.

After so many grave lessons against the vices and luxury of the present age, they will naturally suppose that I never risked a farthing at the gaming-table, never kept a mistress, would decline an invitation to a turtle feast, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the nose, with all the calmness and resignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I should blush to set down the many compliments I have had from several unknown correspondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honest gentleman, who desired to spend an evening with me, promising himself great diversion in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. Town.

These various opinions of me as an author I shall never labour to reconcile; but shall be equally contented with instructing or amusing the gentle reader, whether he considers my papers as favours showered down upon him from a bookseller's garret, or issuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I shall never think it a disgrace to have written, or be ashamed to be considered as an author; and if ever Mr. Voltaire should think proper to visit England again, I shall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a most gracious reception.

T.

N° 115. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1756.

— Cœlebs quid agam?

HOR.

With an old bachelor how things miscarry!
What shall I do? go, hang myself? or marry?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, April 5, 1756.

NO man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation; and I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends, than the spleen or malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason, why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teazed and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason, but that I am what the world calls an old bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion, that a bachelor is not in fact a rational creature; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a bachelor may be beaten like a stock-fish; that you may thrust pins into his legs, and wring him by the nose; in

short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though at the same time I am a melancholy proof of it's existence, as well as of it's absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood: so that, if they happen at any time to be apprized of my coming, (which I take all possible care to prevent) they immediately dispatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and help to teaze Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord, fastened across the bottom of the door-case; which, as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover, till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking-glass, or tossed from one to the other so dextrously and with such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare-headed, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instru-

ment. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig; but the father who had a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on it's being delivered up, and protested that he never knew the black joke better performed in his life.

I am naturally a quiet inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled; yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harrass and torment me: and it is not many nights, since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own, my resentment of this injury was so strong, that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honour feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corkin pin, which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not, that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judas kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily: but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himself at his friend's expence, I live in hourly apprehensions of more mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill-cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove-Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach

of a merry Christmas or the first of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster-barrels stuffed with brick-bats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me the most, was the being sent fifty miles out of town, on that day, by a counterfeit express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse-hair was strewed upon my sheets: like him, I was made to ride on a hard-trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been coursing my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking, that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous, as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one: if I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conquest; they are more properly the objects of derision, who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account: and they are eternally boasting of the havoc they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and 'squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-cheeked gentleman in a milk-white

periwig, are the only remaining proofs of those beauties, which are now withered like the short-lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle: the ladies, whom I last mentioned, will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future; since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old-age, as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fusty an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but by a little gentler treatment, than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into a husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them, that I am rendered so exceedingly tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease; and, consequently, that by marrying me, a woman will save herself all that trouble, which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied, if she contents herself with contradicting me: that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served, if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns: that, if I approach her lips, when she is not in a kissing humour, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or, if I take her by the hand at an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply

a tenth part of those, who have been trained to engross deeds in their chamber, or to harangue at the bar: the number of patients bears no proportion to the swarms of the faculty, nor would it, though a consultation were to sit on every sick man, like carrion-flies upon a carcase: and the prodigious number of reverend divines infinitely exceeds that of those bishopricks, deaneries, prebends, rectories, vicarages, &c. which, when they are ordained, they conceive it to be part of their holy orders to fill. From these frequent failures in each of the professions, the younger sons of great men often wish, that they had been permitted to disgrace the family by some mercantile, or more plebeian occupation; while the son of the mechanic curses the pride of his father, who, instead of securing him a livelihood in his own business, has condemned him to starve in pudding-sleeves, that he may do honour to his relations by being a gentleman.

The three professions being thus crowded with more candidates for business and preferment, than can possibly be employed or promoted, has occasioned several irregularities in the conduct of the followers of each of them. The utter impossibility of supporting themselves in the usual method of practising law, physic, or divinity, without clients, patients, or parishioners, has induced the labourers in each of those vocations to seek out new veins and branches. The young solicitor, who finds he has nothing to do, now he is out of his clerkship, offers his assistance, in the transaction of all law affairs, by the public papers, and, like the advertising tailors, promises to work cheaper than any of his brethren: while the young barrister, after having exhibited his tye-wig in Westminster-hall, during several terms, to no purpose, is obliged to forego the hope of rivalling Murray and Coke, and content himself with being the oracle of the courts of Carolina or Jamaica. The graduate in

medicine, finding himself unsolicited for prescription or advice, and likely to starve by practising physic *secundùm artem*, flies in the face of the college, and professes to cure all diseases by *nostrums* unmentioned in the dispensatory. He commences a thriving quack, and soon makes his way through the important medical degrees of walking on foot, riding on horseback, dispensing his drugs from a one-horse chaise, and lastly lolling in a chariot. The divine, without living, cure, or lectureship, may perhaps incur transportation for illegal marriages, set up a theatrical-oratorical-Billingsgate chapel under the shelter of the toleration-act and the butchers of Clare-market, or kindle the inward light in the bosoms of the saints of Moorfields, and the Magdalens of Broad St. Giles's.

But notwithstanding these shoots, ingrafted, as it were, into the main body of the professions, it is still impossible for the vast multitude of divines, lawyers, and physicians, to maintain themselves, at any rate, within the pale of their respective employments. They have often been compelled, at least, to call in adventitious ones, and have sometimes totally abandoned their original undertakings. They have frequently made mutual transitions into the occupations of each other, or have perhaps embraced other employments; which, though distinct from all three, and not usually dignified with the title of professions, may fairly be considered in that light; since they are the sole means of support to many thousands, who toiled in vain for a subsistence in the three capital ones. On these professions, and their various followers, I shall here make some observations.

The first of these professions is an author. The mart of literature is, indeed, one of the chief resorts of unbeneficed divines, and lawyers and physicians without practice. There are, at present, in the world of authors, doctors of physic, who (to use the phrase

of one of them) have no great fatigue from the business of their profession: many clergymen, whose sermons are the most inconsiderable part of their compositions: and several gentlemen of the inns of court, who, instead of driving the quill over skins of parchment, lead it through all the mazes of modern novels, critiques, and pamphlets. Many likewise have embraced this profession, who were never bred to any other: and I might also mention the many bankrupt tradesmen and broken artificers, who daily enter into this new way of business, if, by pursuing it in the same mechanical manner as their former occupations, they might not rather be regarded as following a trade, than a profession.

The second of these professions is a player. The ingenious gentlemen, who assume the persons of the drama, are composed of as great a variety of characters as those they represent. The history of the stage might afford many instances of those, who in the trade of death might have slain men, who have condescended to deal counterfeit slaughter from their right hands, and administer harmless phials and bowls of poison. We might read also of persons, whose fists were intended to beat the "drum ecclesiastic," who have themselves become theatrical volunteers. In regard to the law, many, who were originally designed to manifest their talents for elocution in Westminster-hall, have displayed them in Drury-lane; and it may be added, on theatrical authority, that

> Not e'en Attorneys have this rage withstood,
> But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for blood,
> And, strange reverse!—dy'd for their country's good.

I will not so far affront those gentlemen, who were at any time engaged in the study of the three honourable professions of law, physic, and divinity, as to suppose that any of them have ever taken the more

fashionable employment of a pimp: yet it is certain, that this is a very common and lucrative profession, and that very many provide themselves with the necessaries of life, by administering to the pleasures of others. A convenient cousin, sister, or wife, has sometimes proved the chief means of making a fortune; and the tongue of slander has often ventured to affirm, that the price of procuration has been paid with a place or a bishoprick.

The most advantageous and genteel of all professions is gaming. Whoever will make this science his study, will find it the readiest way to riches, and most certain passport to the best company: for the polite world will always admit any one to their society, who will condescend to win their money. The followers of this profession are very numerous; which is, indeed, no wonder, when we reflect on the numbers it supports in ease and affluence, at no greater pains than packing the cards or cogging the dice, and no more risk than being sometimes tweaked by the nose, or kicked out of company: besides which, this profession daily receives new lustre from the many persons of quality, that follow it, and crowd into it with as much eagerness, as into the army. Among gamesters may also be found lawyers, who get more by being masters of all the cases in Hoyle, than by their knowledge of those, recorded in the report-books; physicians, the chief object of whose attention is the circulation of the E. O. table; and divines, who, we may suppose, were hinted at by a famous wit in a certain assembly, when, among the other benefits resulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might possibly prevent the clergy from playing at back-gammon.

But the more danger the more honour: and therefore no profession is more honourable than that of a highwayman. Who the followers of this profession

town, who carry on this kind of commerce with the pawnbrokers, and gave occasion to the following dream.

I was scarce asleep before I found myself at the entrance of a blind alley, terminated by a little hatch; where I saw a vast concourse of people, of different ages, sex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of these I observed, as they went up, very richly drest; and others were adorned with jewels and costly trinkets: but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all divested of their finery; and several had even their gowns and coats stript off their backs. A lady, who strutted up in a rich brocaded suit, sneaked back again in an ordinary stuff night-gown: a second retreated with the loss of a diamond solitaire and pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole stock of linen, scarce escaped with what she had upon her back. I observed several gentlemen, who brought their sideboards of plate, to be melted down, as it were, into current specie: many had their pockets disburthened of their watches; and some, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their swords. Others of the company marched up, heavy laden with pictures, household goods, and domestic utensils: one carried a spit; another brandished a gridiron; a third flourished a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old sign of the dog's head in the porridge-pot. I saw several trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the rest, who, after having stript his own house, even to his feather-bed, stalked along like a lock-patient, wrapt up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him doing penance in the sheets.

As I was naturally curious to see the inside of the receptacle, where all these various spoils were deposited, I stept up to the hatch; and meeting a grave

old gentleman at the threshold, I desired him to inform me what place it was, and what was transacted there. He very courteously took me by the hand, and leading me through a [illegible] brought me into a spacious hall, which he told me was the temple of usury, and that he himself was chief priest of it. One part of this building was round with all kinds of apparel, like the shops in Monmouth-street; another was strewed with a variety of goods, and resembled the brokers shops in Houndsditch alley; and another part was furnished with an immense quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I should rather have fancied myself in the church of the lady of Loretto. All these, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that crowd, which I had seen resorting to this temple. The churches in Roman Catholic countries have commonly a crowd of figures about them; the Chinese erect dragons and monsters about their pagods: and the Turkish mosques have their peculiar hieroglyphics; but I could not avoid taking particular notice, that this temple of usury had in it's vestibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the mystery of which, I was told, was as deep and unfathomable as the Pythagorean number, or the most secret doctrines of Trismegist.

When I had in some measure satisfied my curiosity in taking a general survey of the temple, my conductor led me to an interior corner of it, where the most splendid offerings were spread upon a [illegible] altar. This bauble, said he, shewing me an elegant [illegible] of diamonds, is an aigret, sent in last week by a lady of quality, who has ever since kept home, with her head muffled up in a double clout, for a pretended rheumatic tooth-ache. She has, at different times, made the offering of all her jewels: and, besides these, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hysteric fever, and confined her to [illegible]

gown for upwards of a month. Those ear-rings, and other jewels are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was so constant a votary to this place, that, when nothing else remained for an offering, she even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be surprised, perhaps, to behold such a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, solitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is observable, that their devotions in the temple of usury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive, by their assisting at the midnight orgies of avarice.

Nor are the gentlemen, continued he, less encouragers of our rites. That gold watch laid snug for a considerable time, in the fob of a young man of quality; but it was one night jerked out by a single throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made it's way into the pocket of a stranger, who placed it here to keep company with several others, brought hither on a similar occasion. Those brilliant buckles once glittered on the shoes of a very pretty fellow, who set out last winter on his travels into foreign parts, but never got farther than Boulogne: and that sword, with the rich fillagree hilt and elegantly-fancied sword-knot with gold tassels, once dangled at the side of a spirited buck; who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry, to take possession of a large estate in his native country, Ireland, whence he is not yet returned. You may see many others of these instruments of death, which rust peacefully in their scabbards, as being of no use whatever to their owners: that, which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you must know, to a noble captain: it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this instant mounting guard at St. James's.

Not far from these rich ornaments hung several embroidered coats, laced waistcoats, *point d'espagne* hats, &c. This suit, said my venerable instructor, pointing

to one richly embroidered, was made up for a noble lord on the last birth-day, and conveyed hither the very next morning after it had appeared at court. That jemmy waistcoat with the gold worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a smart templar, who, having spent a night out of his chambers, sent his waistcoat hither in the morning as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured handkerchiefs, which you see strung together a little further off, they are oblations made here by a sect of maudlin votaries, who resort to this temple to pay their devotions to a goddess, whom they have christened madam Gin, but whom they sometimes honour with the more proper appellation of Strip me Naked.

While my conductor was thus relating the history of the various offerings, and persons who had made them, he was suddenly called aside to a dark closet; several of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confessionals of the Romish priests. These little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries, who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the necessary rites and ceremonies were commonly solemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* among the Romans. At present, however, there was a greater noise and hubbub than usual. A person of the first rank in the kingdom, who had made some very considerable oblations of gold and silver plate, was now about to celebrate a feast in honour of Bacchus, in which these rich utensils would be requisite, on which occasion he prayed to have the use of them. The chief priest, after having received the customary fee, granted a dispensation for this purpose, and loaded the messengers with a number of wrought ewers, vases, and chargers; at the same time commissioning two or three of the inferior officials of

the temple to attend the celebration of the feast, and to take care that the plate was duly returned, and safely lodged again in the temple.

These matters were scarcely adjusted before an unexpected incident filled the whole temple with confusion and disturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a stop to the rites, and seized the chief priest himself, charging him with having profaned the place by a crime almost as infamous as sacrilege. He was accused of having encouraged robbers to strip the citizens of their most valuable effects, and for a small reward to deposit them as offerings. The clamour on this occasion was very great; and at last one of the officers, methought, seized me as a party concerned; when endeavouring to clear myself, and struggling to get out of his clutches, I awoke.

W.

N° 118. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

Hæc stultitia parit civitates, hâc constant imperia, magistratus, religio, consilia, judicia, nec aliud omninò est vita humana, quam stultitiæ lusus quidam.

ERASM.

Nonsense o'er empires and o'er states presides,
Our judgment, counsels, laws, religion, guides;
All arts and sciences despotic rules;
And life itself's a drama, play'd by fools.

THERE is no race of people, that has been more conspicuous, in almost every relation of life, than the illustrious family of Nonsense. In every age of the world they have shone forth with uncommon lustre,

and have made a wonderful progress in all the arts and sciences. They have at different seasons delivered speeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philosophical inquiries and metaphysical disquisitions. In a word, the whole history of the world moral and political, is but a Cyclopædia of Nonsense. For which reason, considering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite service it has been of to me and many of my contemporaries, I have resolved to oblige the public with a kind of abstract of the history of Nonsense.

Nonsense was the daughter of Ignorance, begot on Falsehood, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in Bœotia. As she grew up, she inherited all the qualities of her parents: she discovered too warm a genius to require being sent to school; but while other dull brats were poring over a horn-book, she amused herself with spreading fantastical lies, taught her by her mamma, and which have in later ages been familiarly known to us under the names of Sham, Banter, and Humbug. When she grew up, she received the addresses, and soon became the wife, of Impudence. Who he was, or of what profession, is uncertain: some say he was the son of Ignorance by another *venter*, and was suffered to become the husband of Nonsense in those dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies in Egypt married their own sisters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, Nonsense and Impudence were soon inseparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more noble and numerous family, than any yet preserved on any tree of descent whatsoever; of which ingenious device they were said to have been the first inventors.

It is my chief intent at present to record the great

exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themselves remarkable in England; though they began to signalize themselves very early, and are still very flourishing in most parts of the world. Many of them were Egyptian priests four thousand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worship dogs, monkies, and green leeks: and their descendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of supposed deities, who were in their own estimation of them, whores and whoremongers, pick-pockets and drunkards. Others rose up some ages after in Turkey, and persuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodshed and of the sword, in the name of the most merciful God: and others have manifested their lineal descent from Nonsense and Impudence, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were also among them many shrewd philosophers; some of whom, though they were raked with a fit of the stone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the least degree of pain; and others would not trust their own eyes, but when they saw a horse or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own existence.

We have no certain account of the progress of Nonsense here in England, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloisters and convents, dreaming over old legends of saints, drawing up breviaries and mass-books, and stringing together some barbarous Latin verses in rhyme. In the days of queen Elizabeth, so little encouragement was given to her family, that it seemed to have been almost extinct: but in the succeeding reign it flourished again, and filled the most considerable offices in the nation. Nonsense became a great favourite at court, where she was highly caressed on account of her wit, which consisted in puns and

quibbles; and the bonny monarch himself was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her conversation. At this time, many of her progeny took orders, and got themselves preferred to the best livings, by turning the Evangelists into punsters, and making St. Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the rest, there was a bishop, a favourite son of Nonsense, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he used to tickle his courtly audience, by telling them that matrimony was become a matter of money, with many other right reverend jests recorded in Joe Miller. Several brothers of this family were likewise bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued against old women sucked by devils in the shape of ram-cats, &c. As an instance of their profound wisdom and sagacity, I need only mention that just and truly pious act of parliament made against the crying sin of witchcraft. 1 Jac. I. chap. 12. "Such as shall use invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee or reward any evil spirit to any intent, or take up any dead person, or part thereof, to be used in witchcraft, or have used any of the said arts, whereby any person shall be killed, consumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their accessories before the fact, shall suffer as felons without benefit of clergy."

In the troublesome times of king Charles the first, Nonsense and her family sided with the Parliament. These set up new sects in religion: some of them cropt their hair short, and called themselves the enlightened; some fell into trances, and pretended to see holy visions; while others got into tubs, and held forth, with many whinings, and groans, and snuffling through the nose. In the merry days of king Charles the second, Nonsense assumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as

well as luscious love-songs, and other loose verses which were collected together and greedily bought up in miscellanies. In the succeeding reign, some of the kindred, who had received their education at Ste Omers, thought themselves on the point of establishing Nonsense in church and state, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occasion in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the Revolution, the field of politics has afforded large scope for Nonsense and her family to make themselves remarkable. Hence arose the various sects in party, distinguished by the names of Whig and Tory, Ministerial and Jacobite, Sunderlandians, Oxfordians, Godolphinians, Bolingbrokians, Walpolians, Pelhamians, &c. &c. &c. names which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets and journals, as the Guelphs and Gibilines in Italy, or the Big and Little Endians in the kingdom of Lilliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a short abridgement of the history of Nonsense; though a very small part of the exploits of the family can be included in so compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep scholars, and filled the professors chairs at the universities. They composed many elaborate dissertations, to convince the world, that two and two make four; and discovered, by dint of syllogism, that white is not black. Their inquiries in natural philosophy were no less extraordinary; many spent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to discover a wonderful stone, that should turn every baser metal into gold; and others employed themselves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they should fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the Belles Lettres, and were the original founders of the learned society of Grub-street.

Never was any æra in the annals of Nonsense more illustrious than the present; nor did that noble family

ever more signally distinguish itself in every occupa
tion. In oratory, who are greater proficients than th
progeny of Nonsense? Witness many long and elo
quent speeches delivered in St. Stephen's chapel, i
Westminster-hall, at assizes and quarter-sessions, a
Clare-market, and the Robin-hood.—In philosophy
what marvellous things have not been proved by Non
sense? The sometime professor of astronomy a
Gresham college, shewed Sir Isaac Newton to be
mere ass, and wire-drawed the books of Moses into
complete system of natural philosophy: life-guar
men have, with the utmost certainty of No ens
foretold earthquakes; and others have pen d c
rious essays on air-quakes, water-quakes, and c
—In politics, how successfully have the sons of non
sense bandied about the terms of court and country
How wisely have they debated upon taxes? And wi
what amazing penetration did they but lately for
see an invasion?—In religion, their domain is part
cularly extensive: for, though Nonsense is exclude
at least from the first part of the service, in all reg
churches, yet she often occupies the whole cere r
at the tabernacle and foundry in Moorfields, : :d
chapel in Long-acre. But, for the credit of so póli
an age, be it known, that the children of Nonsens
who are many of them people of fashion, are as oft
seen at the play-house as at church: and it is som
thing strange, that the family of Nonsense is now d
vided against itself, and in high contest about the m
nagement of their favourite amusement—the Opera

T.

N° 119. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

Plenus rimarum sum, huc et illuc perfluo.
TER.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop,
In vain;—the secret will run o'er the top.

THERE is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend, than the intrusting him with a secret; nor any which he is so likely to abuse. Confidantes in general are like crazy fire-locks, which are no sooner charged and cocked, than the spring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifest their importance to another; till between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the whole matter is presently known to all our friends round the Wrekin. The secret catches as it were by contact, and like electrical matter breaks forth from every link in the chain, almost at the same instant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a buz to-morrow, by what was whispered in the middle of Marlborough Downs this morning; and in a week's time the streets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of fashion, bellowed out from the foul mouths of the hawkers, though at present it is known to no creature living, but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of secrecy is of so great importance to society, and the necessary commerce between individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakness should be so general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a

funnel, or a sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit any of your concerns to so slippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in those men who have thus lost the faculty of retention, the desire of being communicative is always most prevalent, where it is least to be justified. If they are intrusted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more consequence will perhaps in a few hours shuffle it entirely out of their thoughts: but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earnestness, a low voice, and the gesture of a man in terror for the consequence of it's being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise; however they may promise secrecy and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

This breach of trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in great measure owing to our education. The first lesson our little masters and misses are taught, is to become blabs and tell-tales: they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below stairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a doll or a hobby-horse is generally the encouragement of a propensity, which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as children can lisp out the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit: if the butler has been caught kissing the housekeeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chamber-maid, away flies little Tommy or Betsy with the news; the parents are lost in admiration of the pretty rogue's understanding, and reward such uncommon ingenuity with a kiss and a sugar-plumb.

Nor does an inclination to secrecy meet with less encouragement at school. The governantes at the boarding-school teach miss to be a good girl, and tell them every thing she knows: thus, if any young lady

is unfortunately discovered eating a green apple in a corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another miss's sampler, away runs the chit, who is so happy as to get the start of the rest, screams out her information as she goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that she is a good girl, and every body will love her.

The management of our young gentlemen is equally absurd: in most of our schools, if a lad is discovered in a scrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the Old Bailey, is made the condition of a pardon. I remember a boy, engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree, and conducted, under a strong guard of the farmer and his dairy-maid, to the master's house. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity, but finding it impossible to scourge the secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school-fellows. I must own I am not fond of thus drubbing our youth into treachery; and am much more pleased with the request of Ulysses, when he went to Troy, who begged of those who were to have the charge of Telemachus, that they would, above all things, teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to keep a secret.

Every man's experience must have furnished him with instances of confidantes who are not to be relied on, and friends who are not to be trusted; but few perhaps have thought it a character so well worth their attention, as to have marked out the different degrees into which it may be divided, and the different methods by which secrets are communicated.

Ned Trusty is a tell-tale of a very singular kind,

Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a secret. He is also excellent at a "doubtful phrase," as Hamlet calls it, or an "ambiguous giving out;" and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken innuendoes, as

> Well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—
> Or, if I list to speak—or, there be, an if there might, &c.

Here he generally stops; and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Poor Meanwell, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret, is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects, that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home, he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself, what he longs to publish to the world; and would gladly submit to the office of town-cryer, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place.

At length, however, weary of his burthen, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

Careless is perhaps equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or perhaps in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his tailor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat, instead of a *pompadour*, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction; where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it, with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a secret.

To these I might add the character of the open and unreserved, who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the impertinent, who having by dint of observation made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it has cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege, as the reward due to his industry. But I shall leave these, with many other characters, which my reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil,—That no man may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

N° 120. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

Judicium subtile videndis artibus.——
HOR.

A subtle fancy, and a judgment chaste,
Form the nice mixture of a genuine taste.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chinese, build with taste; the painters paint with taste; the poets write with taste; critics read with taste; and, in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are all the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet in this amazing superabundancy of taste, few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the style of a Connoisseur, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all tasteful compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word taste, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary coversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons, who talk perpetually of taste, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word accommodated, wisely explains it by saying, that 'accommodated, sir, is—a—a—a—accommodated, sir, is as if one should say—a—accommodated:' and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people What is taste? they will tell you that "taste is a kind of a sort of a—a—a—; in short taste is taste.' These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, taste is commonly used in one of these two significations. First, when they give any person the appellation of a man of taste, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a man of taste is, that he is not only so far an adept in those matters as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will perhaps be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our sensual taste. The man of taste, according to the first, may be considered as a *bon vivant*, who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the se-

cond, he may be regarded as the cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice taste when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the words will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term, that I ever remember to have met with: 'Taste consists in a nice harmony between the fancy and the judgment.' The most chastised judgment, without genius, can never constitute a man of taste; and the most luxuriant imagination, unregulated by judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an olio not to be relished by any palate; and the man who has no goût for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glasse, and Martha Bradley. I confine myself at present chiefly to that signification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the several branches of taste, because that always includes the other.

Having thus settled what taste is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern taste by these rules: and perhaps it will appear, that, on the one hand, it's most pleasing flights and ravishing elegancies are extravagant and absurd; and that, on the other hand, those who affect a correct taste in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The first species of taste, which gives a loose to the imagination, indulges itself in caprice, and is perpetually striking new strokes, is the chief regulator of the fashion. In dress, it has put hunting-poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and wind-mills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage,

it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and, by putting spotted Danish horses into the harness, has made our beaux look like Bacchus in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outside and inside of our houses, are all Gothic or Chinese; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular cross-barred pailing over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-house or a stable, fits up his house and garden entirely in taste.

The second sort of men of taste are to be found chiefly among the *literati;* and are those who, despising the modern whims to which fashion has given the name of taste, pretend to follow, with the most scrupulous exactness, the chaste models of the ancients. These are the poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and tasteful compositions; whose works are without blemish, and conformable to the precise rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Aristotle: and as they are intended merely for the perusal of persons of the most refined taste, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common understandings. These too are the critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarrass us with repeated allusions to the study of *virtù:* and these too are the Connoisseurs in architecture, who build ruins after Vitruvius, and necessaries according to Palladio. One gentleman of this cast has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four spacious porticos, open on each side to court the four winds; because, in the sultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought most convenient: and another has, in great measure, shut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all prospect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his house, which in Italy has been judged necessary, to screen them from the sun.

Architecture seems indeed to be the main article, in which the efforts of taste are now displayed. A-

mong those who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might instance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be seen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious taste among us, I shall beg leave to describe in the style of a Connoisseur, a most amazing curiosity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midst of a noble and spacious area stands a grand obelisk. The base forms a perfect square with right angles; the body of it is cylindrical; but the capital is an heptagon, and has several curious lines and figures described on each of it's seven planes or superficies, which serve to terminate as many most magnificent and striking vistas. This superb column, no less remarkable than the famous pillar of Trajan, seems (from the several gnomons and other hieroglyphics stuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the sun; but is now known among the vulgar by the more common name of The Seven Dials.

O.

N° 121. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

——— Placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

HOR.

Officious couplers wantonly engage
Virtue with vice, brisk youth with frozen age:
Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,
Hail the dear mischief, and enjoy the joke.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to

acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part, but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was separately recommended by them, as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious, that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintance; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net, that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between. Some have come together, merely from having been talked of by their acquaintance, as likely to make a match; and I have known a couple, who have met by accident at a horse-race, or danced together at an assembly, that in less than a fortnight have been driven into matrimony in their own defence, by having been first paired in private conversations, and afterwards in the common news-papers.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands or wives, one would imagine, that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know a good-natured lady, who has officiously brought upon herself the ill-will and the curses

of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on this very account. She has a sister, for whom she provided a most excellent husband, who has shewn his affection for her, by spending her whole fortune upon his mistresses: she contrived, that another near relation should snap up a rich widow, who was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelvemonth to bring two doating lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds, before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be match-makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffic in all the accomplishments, that can make the marriage state happy. These traders dispose of all sorts of rich heirs and heiresses, baronets, lords, ladies of fashion, and daughters of country 'squires, with as much coolness, as drovers sell bullocks. They keep complete registers of the condition and qualifications of all the marriageable persons within the kingdom; and it is as common to apply to them for a husband or wife, as to the register-offices for a man or maid servant. They may, indeed, be considered as fathers and guardians to the greatest part of our youth of both sexes, since in marriage they may be most properly said to give them away.

It is something comical to consider the various persons, to whom men of this profession are useful. We may naturally suppose, that a young fellow, who has no estate, but what, like Tinsel's in the Drummer, is merely personal, would be glad to come down handsomely, after consummation with a woman of fortune; and a smart girl, who has more charms than wealth, would give round poundage on being taken for better for worse by a rich heir. Many a tradesman also

wants a wife to manage his family, while he looks after the shop; and thinks it better to recommend himself by this convenient friend, than by means of the Daily Advertiser. There are also several young people, who are indifferent as to any person in particular, and have no passion for the state itself, yet want to be married, because it will deliver them from the restraint of parents. But the most unnatural, though very common applications of this sort, are from the rich and the noble; who, having immense estates to bestow on their children, will make use of the meanest instruments, to couple them to others of the same overgrown fortune.

I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary match-makers, and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers. A careful old gentleman came up from the North on purpose to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mamma. He told her, that he had not the pleasure of being known to her; but as his son's quiet depended on it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, madam, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray,

Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady. —'Why, madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir,' said the old lady, very gravely.—'Well, madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only seventeen thousand.' —'No, Sir.—'Or sixteen.'—'No.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.'—'Not so much, Sir.'—Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead, 'Well, madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand? How much more is it than twelve thousand?'—'Less, Sir'—'Less, madam?'—'Less.'—'But is it more than ten thousand?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Not so much, madam?'—'Not so much.'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, madam, interest is low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Why then, madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds.'—'Nothing like it, Sir.'—At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool; and the fellow, who recommended me to you, is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

N° 122. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

——— *Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*
A vitiis. ———

JUV.

Without one sneaking virtue in thy train,
O precious villain! scoundrel! rogue in grain!

I MENTIONED in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing A New Treatise on Ethics, or, A System of Immoral Philosophy, compiled from the principles and practice of the present age; in which the extraordinary modesty of the moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, instead of virtues, in their idea of a fine gentleman. The work is now finished; and the author has sent me the following letter concerning the dedication, with leave to submit it to the public.

DEAR TOWN,

THE flatness and fulsome insipidity of dedications has often been the subject of our conversation; and we have always agreed, that authors have miscarried in these pieces of flattery, by injudiciously affronting, when they meant to compliment, their patrons. The humble dedicator loads his great man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and disposition, which sit as aukwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-sweeper; and so overwhelms him with the huge mass of learning, with which he graciously dubs him a scholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure, as the ass in the Dunciad. After having thus bepraised

his patron, till the new Mæcenas is heartily ashamed of himself, he wonders, that no notice is taken of so pompous an eulogium, and that a dedication should be as mere a drug as a sermon.

Lory, in the Relapse, advises Fashion to get into the good graces of Lord Foppington, by falling in love with his coat, being in raptures with his peruke seeming ravished with the genteel dangle of his sword knot; and, in short, to recommend himself to his noble elder brother, by affecting to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the author, who would make his dedication really valuable, should not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity and a pack of unfashionable qualities, which only serve to disgrace a fine gentleman; but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the same time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a scoundrel. This mode of dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace before A System of Immoral Philosophy: wherefore as my book is now finished, I have here sent you a rough draught of the epistle dedicatory, and shall be glad to hear your opinion it.

May it please your Grace! or, my Lord! or, Sir!

You are in every point so complete a fine gentleman, that the following Treatise is but a faint transcript of your accomplishments. There is not one qualification, requisite in the character of a man of spirit which you do not possess. Give me leave therefore on the present occasion, to point forth your inestimable qualities to the world, and hold up to the public view so glorious an example.

You distinguished yourself so early in life, and exalted yourself so far above the common pitch of vulgar bucks, that you was distinguished, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of Stag: and when

I consider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of rascally poltroons you have sent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with, and how many hogsheads of French wine have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a Stag of the first head.

What great reason have you to value yourself on your noble achievements at Arthur's! The sums you formerly lost, and those you have lately won, are amazing instances of your spirit and address; first, in venturing so deeply, before you was let into the secret; and then, in managing it with so much adroitness and dexterity, since you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards, half so skilfully: you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety, and are a most incomparably shrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the turf rendered you less famous. Let the annals of Pond and Heber deliver down to posterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the knowing ones have been taken in; when, for private reasons, you have found it necessary, that your horse should run on the wrong side of the post, or be distanced, after winning the first heat. I need not mention your own skill in horsemanship, and in how many matches you have condescended to ride yourself; for in this particular, it must be acknowledged, you cannot be outdone, even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witness the many instances of your courage, which has been often tried and exerted in Hyde Park, and behind Montague-house: nay, you have sometimes been known to draw your sword most heroically at the opera, the play, and even at

private routes and assemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, constables, and beadles, with the justices at their head! You have cleared a whole bawdy-house before you, and taken many a tavern by storm: you have pinned a waiter to the ground; and have, besides, proved yourself an excellent marksman, by shooting a post-boy flying. With so much valour and firmness, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the same intrepidity, if occasion called, upon Hounslow-Heath, or in Maidenhead-Thicket: and, if it were necessary, you would as boldly resign yourself up to the hands of Jack Ketch, and swing as genteely, as Maclean or Gentleman Harry. The same noble spirit would likewise enable you to aim the pistol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

But your courage has not rendered you insusceptible of the softer passions, to which your heart has been ever inclined. To say nothing of your gallantries with women of fashion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your seducing raw country girls and innocent tradesmen's daughters, you have formerly been so constant in your devoirs to Mrs. Douglas, and the whole sisterhood, that you sacrificed your health and constitution in their service. But above all, witness that sweet delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping, and for whom you entertain such a strong and faithful passion, that, for her sake, you have tenderly and affectionately deserted your wife and family.

Though, from your elegant taste for pleasures, you appear made for the gay world; yet these polite amusements have not called off your attention from the more serious studies of politics and religion. In politics you have made such a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have discovered

the good of your country to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own interest, as well as established your consequence, in the proper place, by securing half a dozen boroughs. As to religion, you soon unravelled every mystery of that; and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have also written several volumes, to make your discoveries plain to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a foolish world unhappily prevent your publishing them at present: but you have wisely provided, that they shall one day see the light; when, I doubt not, they will be deemed invaluable, and be as universally admired, as the posthumous works of Lord Bolingbroke.

I am,

May it please your Grace! or, my Lord! or, Sir! in humble admiration of your excellencies,

O. &c. &c. &c.

N° 123. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1756.

Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus?

HOR.

Say, who can claim the foundling for their son?
My lord and Molly? or, her Grace and John?

THE notices in the public papers, that the Foundling Hospital will be open for the reception of infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given universal satisfaction. The consequences of a big belly do not appear so dreadful as heretofore: and it was but yesterday, that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the hospital, as he himself had been out

of Arthur's, by black balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child by my housekeeper nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wish to swell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I must own myself to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extension of so benevolent a design. I look upon it as the certain preservation of many hundreds in embryo: nor shall we now hear of so many helpless babes birth-strangled in a necessary or smothered by the "ditch-delivered drab." As a bastard is accounted in law, *quasi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet blessed with as fair proportions, and capable of equal degree of perfection with "honest madam issue," it is surely an act of great humanity to rescue them from untimely deaths and other miseries which they do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

Though it is obvious, that this hospital will be made the receptacle of many legitimate children; it is no less certain, that the rich, as well as the poor will often send their base-born bantlings to this general nursery. The wealthy man of quality, or substantial cit, may have their private family reasons for not owning the fruits of their secret amours, and be glad to put the little living witness of their intrigue out of the way. For this reason, a history of the foundlings received there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes, not to be learned from any parish-register. The reflections, that passed in my mind on this subject, gave occasion the other evening to the following vision.

Methought, as I was standing at the portal of the hospital, where a crowd of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were pressing to get in, an elderly gentleman, whom from his white staff I took to be a governor of the charity, very courteously in-

vited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having seated myself near him, 'Mr. Town, (says he) I am conscious, that you look upon most of these little infants as the offsprings of so many unmarried fathers and maiden mothers, which have been clandestinely smuggled into the world. Know then, that I am one of those guardian Genii, appointed to superintend the fortunes of bastards: therefore, as this hospital is more immediately under my tuition, I have put on this disguise; and, if you please, will let you into the secret history of those babes who are my wards, and their parents.'

I assured him, his intelligence would be highly agreeable; and several now coming up to offer their children, he resumed his discourse. 'Observe, (said he) that jolly little rogue, with plump cheeks, a florid complexion, blue eyes, and sandy locks. We have here already several of his brethren by the mother's side; some fair, some brown, and some black: and yet they are all supposed to have come by the same father. The mother has for many years been housekeeper to a gentleman, who cannot see, that her children bear the marks of his own servants, and that this very brat is the exact resemblance of his coachman.

'That puling whining infant there, with a pale face, emaciated body, and distorted limbs, is the forced product of viper-broth and cantharides. It is the offspring of a worn-out buck of quality, who, at the same time he debauched the mother, ruined her constitution by a filthy disease; in consequence of which, she, with much difficulty, brought forth this just image of himself in miniature.

'The next that offers, is the issue of a careful cit; who, as he keeps a horse for his own riding on Sundays, which he lets out all the rest of the week, keeps also a mistress for his recreation on the seventh day, who lets herself out on the other six. That other

babe owes his birth likewise to the city; but is the joint product, as we may say, of two fathers; who being great economists in their pleasures, as well as in their business, have set up a whore and a one-horse chaise in partnership together.

'That pert young baggage there, who so boldly presses forward with her brat, is not the mother of it, but is maid to a single lady of the strictest honour and unblemished reputation. About a twelvemonth ago, her mistress went to Bath for the benefit of her health; and ten months after, she travelled into North Wales to see a relation; from whence she is just returned. We may suppose, that she took a fancy to that pretty babe, while in the country, and brought it up to town with her, in order to place it here: as she did a few years ago to another charming boy; which, being too old to be got into this hospital is now at a school in Yorkshire, where young gentlemen are boarded, clothed and educated, and found in all necessaries, for ten pounds a year.

'That chubby little boy, which you see in the arms of yonder strapping wench in a camblet gown and red cloak, is her own son. She is by profession a bed-maker in one of the universities, and of the same college, in which the father (a grave tutor) holds a fellowship, under the usual condition of not marrying. Many sober gentlemen of the cloth, who are in the same scrape, are glad to take the benefit of this charity: and if all of the same reverend order, like the priests abroad, were laid under the same restrictions, you might expect to see a particular hospital, erected for the reception of the sons of the clergy.

'That next child belongs to a sea-captain's lady, whose husband is expected to return every moment from a long voyage; the fears of which have happily hastened the birth of this infant a full month before it's time. That other is the posthumous child of a

wealthy old gentleman, who married a young girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. This his son and heir was not born till near a twelvemonth after his decease, because it's birth was retarded by the excessive grief of his widow; who on that account rather chose to lie-in privately, and to lodge their only child here, than to have it's legitimacy, and her own honour, called in question by her husband's relations.'

My companion pointed out to me several others, whose original was no less extraordinary; among which, I remember, he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a methodist teacher, and another the premature spawn of a maid of honour. A poor author eased himself of a very heavy load of two twin-daughters, which in an evil hour he begot on a hawker of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luscious novel: but I could not help smiling at the marks sent in with these new muses, signifying, that one had been christened Terpsichore, and the other Polyhymnia. Several bantlings were imported from Islington, Hoxton, and other villages within the sound of Bow bell: many were transplanted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were sent in from two or three parishes in particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were most indebted to the parson or the 'squire.

A modest-looking woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother, on the contrary, persisting in affirming, that it was but just born; and, addressing herself to me, desired me to look at it. I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was tossing it up and down, and praising it's beauty, the sly hussy contrived to slip away, leaving the precious charge to my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the squalling of the brat, which rung piteously in my ears, luckily

awaked me; and I was very happy to find, that I ha only been dandling my pillow, instead of a bantling. W.

N° 124. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

Accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviat annos:
Accipe, qui purâ nôrit amare fide.
Est nulli cessura fides; sine crimine mores;
Nudaque simplicitas, purpureusque pudor.
Non mihi mille placent; non sum desultor amoris;
Tu mihi (si qua fides) cura perennis eris.

OVID.

Scorn me not, Chloe; me, whose faith well-try'd
Long years approve, and honest passions guide:
My spotless soul no foul affections move,
But chaste simplicity, and modest love:
Nor I, like shallow fops, from fair to fair
Roving at random, faithless passion swear;
But thou alone shalt be my constant care.

ALMOST every man is or has been, or at lea thinks that he is or has been, a lover. One h fought for his mistress, another drank for her, anot wrote for her, and another has done all three: yet, perhaps, in spite of their duels, poetry, bumpers, not one of them ever entertained a ice passion. I have lately taken a survey of the nu rous tribe of Enamoratos, and, after having observ the various shapes they wear, think I may safely pr nounce, that, though all profess to have been in lov there are very few who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucault's, that "many m would never have been in love, if they had nev

heard of love." The justice of this remark is equal to it's shrewdness. The ridiculous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing else, by imitation. Young creatures almost mere children, have been consumed with this second-hand flame lighted up at another's passion; and, in consequence of the loves of the footman and chambermaid, I have known little master fancy himself a dying swain at the age of thirteen, and little miss pining away with love in a bib and hanging-sleeves.

That vast heap of volumes, filled with love, and sufficient in number to make a library, are great inflamers, and seldom fail to produce that kind of passion described by Rochefoucault. The chief of these literary seducers are the old romances, and their degenerate spawn, the modern novels. The young student reads of the emotions of love, till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breast; as valetudinarians study the history of a disease, till they fancy themselves affected with every symptom of it. For this reason, I am always sorry to see any of this trash in the hands of young people: I look upon Cassandra and Cleopatra, as well as Betty Barnes, Polly Willis, &c. as no better than bawds; and consider Don Bellianis of Greece, and Sir Amadis de Gaul, with George Edwards, Loveill, &c. as arrant pimps. But though romances and novels are both equally stimulatives, yet their operations are very different. The romance-student becomes a fond Corydon of Sicily, or a very Damon of Arcadia, and is in good truth such a dying swain, that he believes he shall hang himself on the next willow, or drown himself in the next pond, if he should lose the object of his wishes: but the young novelist turns out more a man of the world, and, after having gained the affec-

tions of his mistress, forms a hundred schemes to secure the possession of her, and to bam her relations.

There are, among the tribe of lovers, a sort of luke-warm gentlemen, who can hardly be said, in the language of love, to entertain a flame for their mistress. These are your men of superlative delicacy and refinement, who loath the gross ideas annexed to the amours of the vulgar, and aim at something more spiritualized and sublime. These philosophers in love doat on the mind alone of their mistress, and would fain see her naked soul divested of it's material incumbrances. Gentlemen of this complexion might perhaps not improperly be ranged in the romantic class, but they have assumed to themselves the name of Platonic Lovers.

Platonism, however, is in these days very scarce; and there is another class, infinitely more numerous, composed of a sort of lovers, whom we may justly distinguish by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this sect are diametrically opposite to those of the Platonics. They think no more of the soul of their mistress, than a mussulman, but are in raptures with her person. A lover of this sort is in perpetual ecstasies: his passion is so violent, that he even scorches you with his flame; and he runs over the perfections of his mistress in the same style that a jockey praises his horse: 'Such limbs! such eyes! such a neck and breast! such ——— oh, she's a rare piece!' Their ideas go no farther than mere external accomplishments; and, as their wounds may be said to be only skin-deep, we cannot allow their breasts to be smitten with love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much grosser passion. Yet it must be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this cast to be involved in what is called a love-match: but then it is owing to the same cause with the mar-

riage of Sir John Brute, who says, "I married my wife, because I wanted to lie with her, and she would not let me."

Other gentlemen, of a gay disposition and warm constitution, who go in the catalogue for lovers, are adorers of almost every woman they see. The flame of love is as easily kindled in them, as the sparks are struck out of a flint; and it also expires as soon. A lover of this sort dances, one day, with a lady at a ball, and loses his heart to her in a minuet: the next, another carries it off in the mall; and the next day, perhaps, he goes out of town, and lodges it in the possession of all the country beauties successively, till at last he brings it back to town with him, and presents it to the first woman he meets. This class is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true lovers, since a gentleman, who is thus in love with every body, may fairly be said not to be in love at all.

Love is universally allowed to be whimsical; and if whim is the essence of love, none can be accounted truer lovers, than those who admire their mistress for some particular charm, which enchains them, though it would singly never captivate any body else. Some gentlemen have been won to conjugal embraces by a pair of fine arms; others have been held fast by an even white set of teeth; and I know a very good scholar, who was ensnared by a set of golden tresses, because it was the taste of the ancients, and the true classical hair. Those ladies, whose lovers are such piecemeal admirers, are in perpetual danger of losing them. A rash, or a pimple, may abate their affection. All those, the object of whose adoration is merely a pretty face or a fine person, are in the power of the like accidents; and the small-pox has occasioned many a poor lady the loss of her beauty and her lover at the same time.

But, after all these spurious Enamoratos, there some few, whose passion is sincere and well-found True, genuine love is always built upon esteem: that I would mean, that a man can reason and a himself into love; but that a constant intercourse an amiable woman will lead him into a contempla of her excellent qualities, which will insensibly his heart, before he is himself aware of it, and all those hopes, fears, and other extravagancies w are the natural attendants on a true passion. Love been described ten thousand times: but that I sure that the little picture I would draw of it is from nature, I will conclude this paper with the s of honest Will Easy and his amiable wife. Will and Miss —— became very early acquainted, from being familiarly intimate with the whole fa Will might be almost said to live there. He dined supped with them perpetually in town, and spent part of the summer with them at their seat in country. Will and the lady were both universall lowed to have sense, and their frequent conversa together gave them undoubted proofs of the good of each other's disposition. They delighted in company, and admired the perfections, of each o and gave a thousand little indications of a gro passion, not unobserved by others, even while it yet unknown and unsuspected by themselves. H ever, after some time, Will, by mutual agreem demanded the lady of her father in marriage. alas! "the course of true love never yet run smoo the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the fa out of mere love to his daughter, to refuse her ha the only man in the world with whom she could happily, because he imagined that he might, in Smithfield phrase, do better for her. But grounded on just principles, is not easily shaken; as it appeared that their mutual passion had take

deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at last, reluctantly, half consented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profession, and a blessing to his wife; whose greatest praise is, that her virtues deserve such a husband. She is pleased with having "left dross to duchesses;" he considers her happiness as his main interest; and their example every day gives fresh conviction to the father, that where two persons of strong sense and good hearts conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their passion is genuine and lasting, and their union is perhaps the truest state of happiness under the sun.

O.

N° 125. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit anilis
Ex re fabellas ———

HOR.

With Mr. Town when prose and precepts fail,
His friend supplies a poem or a tale.

NOTHING has given me a more sensible pleasure, in the course of this undertaking, than the having been occasionally honoured with the correspondence of several ingenious gentlemen of both our universities. My paper of to-day gives me unusual satisfaction on this account; and I cannot help looking on it with a great deal of pleasure, as a sort of a little Cambridge miscellany. The reader will see, it is composed of two poems, which I have lately received from a cor-

respondent in that learned university. These little pieces, unless my regard for the writer makes me partial to them, contain many beauties, and are written with that elegant peculiarity of style and manner, which plainly speak them to come from the same hand, that has already obliged the public with some other pieces of poetry, published in this paper.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, *Trin. Coll. Cant. Jun. 6.*

YOUR essay on the abuse of words was very well received here; but more especially that part of it, which contained the modern definition of the word ruined. You must know, Sir, that in the language of our old dons, every young man is ruined, who is not an arrant *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*. Yet it is remarkable, that, though the servants of the Muses meet with more than ordinary discouragement at this place, Cambridge has produced many celebrated poets: witness Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, &c. not to mention some admired writers of the present times. I myself, Sir, am grievously suspected of being better acquainted with Homer and Virgil than Euclid or Saunderson; and am universally agreed to be ruined, for having concerned myself with Hexameter and Pentameter more than Diameter. The equity of this decision I shall not dispute; but content myself at present with submitting to the public, by means of your paper, a few lines on the import of another favourite word, occasioned by the essay above-mentioned.

But fearing that so short a piece will not be sufficient to eke out a whole paper, I have subjoined to it another little poem, not originally designed for the public view, but written as a familiar epistle to a friend. The whole is nothing more than the natural

result of many letters and conversations, that had past between us on the present state of poetry in these kingdoms; in which I flattered myself, that I was justifiable in my remarks on the barrenness of invention in most modern compositions, as well as in regard to the cause of it. We are now, indeed, all become such exact critics, that there are scarce any tolerable poets: what I mean by exact critics is, that we are grown, (I speak in general,) by the help of Addison and Pope, better judges of composition, than heretofore. We get an early knowledge of what chaste writing is, and even school-boys are checked in the luxuriancy of their genius, and not suffered to run riot in their imaginations. I must own I cannot help looking on it as a bad omen to poetry, that there is now-a-days scarce any such thing to be met with as fustian and bombast: for our authors, dreading the vice of incorrectness above all others, grow ridiculously precise and affected. In short, however paradoxical it may seem, we have now, in my opinion, too correct a taste. It is to no purpose for such prudent sober wooers, as our modern bards, to knock at the door of the Muses. They, as well as mortal ladies, love to be attacked briskly. Should we take a review even of Chaucer's poetry, the most inattentive reader, in the very thickest of old Geoffrey's woods, would find the light sometimes pierce through, and break in upon him like lightning; and a man must have no soul in him, who does not admire the fancy, the strength, and elegance of Spencer, even through that disagreeable habit, which the fashion of the times obliged him to wear. To conclude, there is this material difference between the former and present age of poetry; that the writers in the first thought poetically; in the last, they only express themselves so. Modern poets seem to me more to study the manner how they shall write, than what is to be writ-

ten. The minute accuracy of their productions; the bells of their rhimes, so well matched, making most melodious tinkle; and all the mechanism of poetry, so exactly finished; (together with a total deficiency of spirit, which should be the leaven of the whole,) put me in mind of a piece of furniture, generally found in the studies of the learned, "in an odd angle of the room," a mahogany case, elegantly carved and fashioned on the outside, the specious covering of a—chamber-pot.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

R. L.

THE SATYR AND THE PEDLAR.

A Fable.

Words are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now damn'd, for instance—All agree
Damn'd's the superlative Degree;
Means that alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of it's own;
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as it's neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough:
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
So fares it too with it's relation,
I mean it's substantive, damnation.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's damnation cold:
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's damnation hot.

And here a fable I remember—
Once, in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost;
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox of the descriptive rhime—
In short, it was the winter time.
It was a Pedlar's happy lot
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
That blowing on thy fingers' ends?
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
"For they are froze as cold as snow;
"And so inclement has it been,
"I'm like a cake of ice within."
Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
To a warm fire and mess of pottage.
This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth;
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odour to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, till it's cool enough.
Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing? quoth the Satyr.

I blow to cool it, cries the clown,
That I may get the liquor down;
For, though I grant you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, Sir, as hot as hell.
Then raising high his cloven stump,
The Satyr smote him on the rump.
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool;
With the same breath to warm and cool!
Friendship with such I never hold,
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold."

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep, instead of soaring;
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry, in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence! but wants credit,
Because, I find, a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still.
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle, or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.
Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools.
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,

Or garden trim and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond it's border.
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
It's very summit in the clouds,
While round it's root still loves to twine
The ivy and wild eglantine.
"But Shakspeare's all-creative fancy
Made others love extravagancy,
While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."
True.—Who can stop dull imitators,
Those younger brothers of translators,
Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buz about, in swarms, like flies?
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rhime
Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime,
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.
But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
These low retainers to their fame.
What task can dulness e'er affect
So easy, as to write correct?
Poet's 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miss their mark, and follow neither:
They so exactly poise the scale,
That neither measure will prevail;
And mediocrity the Muse
Did never in her sons excuse.

'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,
And ev'ry senseless line is drest
In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
Say, did you ever chance to meet
A Monsieur Barber in the street,
Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of Dresden laces;
While for the body, Monsieur Puff
Would think e'en dowlass fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhimes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes;
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
Howe'er they deck the outward frame,
The inner skeleton's the same.
But shall these wretched bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And, when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or do I scorn the critic's rules,
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionysius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful, wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,
And shews how beauty strikes the soul,
From a just compact of the whole;
Though judgment in Quintilian's page
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet Hypercritics I disdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain,

And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow science mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.
These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the critic's name,
Cry, 'this is taste—that's my opinion;'
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen, with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, "you'll suffer for your daring,
And damn you, you shall pay for swearing:"
Then, turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
"I sit to represent the KING."

N° 126. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi.—
VIRG.

Rant, roar, and bellow, with theatric air,
And sink the rev'rend preacher in the play'r.

I REMEMBER a rector of a parish at the court end of the town, who was generally accounted a very fine preacher, that used to aim at delivering himself in the most bold and animated style of oratory. The tone of his voice was nicely accommodated to the different branches of his discourse, and every thing was pro-

nounced with uncommon energy and emphasis: he also indulged himself in equal freedom of action, and abounded in various extraordinary gesticulations: his sermons themselves were sown thick with tropes, metaphors, and similies, and every-where enriched with *apostrophe* and *prosopopœia*.

As I knew that this reverend gentleman had been abroad with a young nobleman in the capacity of a travelling tutor, I did not wonder at the violent exertion of his voice, and the vehemence of his action; this affected air being a piece of clerical foppery, which an itinerant clergyman is apt to adopt, while his pupil is gleaning all the other follies of Paris: at which place it is very common to see a *capuchine* so heated with his subject, that he often seems in danger of throwing himself out of the pulpit. But I was at a loss how to account for the glowing style of his discourses; till, happening to turn over the works of a celebrated French preacher, I found, that the oratorical performances of my friend were no other than faithful translations of them.

This sort of pulpit plagiarism may perhaps be more adapted to the taste of some of our fashionable declaimers, than the more hacknied method of transcribing a page from Barrow, Tillotson, or Atterbury. But, although such practices may be less liable to detection, it is certainly more orthodox to rifle the works of our own divines, than to ransack the treasures of Romish priests; and their inflamed orations are undoubtedly less adapted to the genius of our people, than the sober reasonings of our own preachers. Voltaire, in his essay on epic poetry, has touched this point with his usual vivacity, and given a very just description of the different species of pulpit eloquence, that obtain in France and England. The whole passage is as follows:—"Discourses, aiming at the *pathetic*, pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied

with violent gestures, would excite laughter in an English congregation. For as they are fond of bloated language and the most impassioned eloquence on the stage, so in the pulpit they affect the most un-ornamented simplicity. A sermon in France is a long declamation, scrupulously divided into three parts, and delivered with enthusiasm. In England, a sermon is a solid, but sometimes dry, dissertation, which a man reads to the people, without gesture, and without any particular exaltation of the voice. In Italy, (he adds) a sermon is a piritual comedy:" or rather farce, he might have said; since the preachers in that country harangue their audience, running to and fro on a sort of raised stage, like a mountebank. It must be owned however, that some of our clergy are greatly wanting in that life and spirit, which would render their instructions more affecting as well as more pleasing. Their sermons are frequently drawled out in one dull tone, without any variation of voice or gesture: so that it is no wonder, if some of the congregation should be caught napping, when the preacher himself hardly seems to be awake. But though this drowsy delivery is not to be commended, yet a serious earnestness is most likely to engage the attention, and convince the reason. This manner, as it is most decent in itself, is best suited to an English audience: though it is no wonder, that a different strain of oratory should prevail in France; since a Frenchman accompanies almost every word in ordinary conversation with some fantastic gesture, and even inquires concerning your health, and talks of the weather, with a thousand shrugs and grimaces.

But though I do not like to see a preacher lazily lolling on the cushion, or dozing over his sermon-case, and haranguing his audience with an unchristian apathy; yet even this unanimated delivery is perhaps less offensive, than to observe a clergyman not so as

siduous to instruct his audience, as to be admi
them: not to mention, that even Voltaire l
seems to think our manner of preaching prefera
the whole, to the declamatory style and affecte
tures, used by the clergy of his own nation. A
divine should not ascend the pulpit with the sam
sions, that a public orator mounts the rostrum:
less should he assume the voice, gesture, and d
ment of a player, and the language of the tl
He should preserve a temperance in the most e
parts of his discourse, and go through the whol
in such a manner, as best agrees with the solemn
in which it is uttered. Pompous nonsense, be
out with a thundering accent, comes with a
grace from the pulpit, than bombast and fustia
diciously ranted forth by a 'periwig-pated fell
the stage. I cannot better illustrate the absurdi
indecency of this manner, than by a familiar, t
shameful, instance of it. Whoever has occasi
joined with the butchers in making up the au
of the Clare-market orator, will agree with me
the impropriety of his style, and the extravaga
his action, become still more shocking and intol
by the day which they profane, and the eccle
appearance of the place in which the declaim
rangues. Thus while those, who thunder out
tion from parish pulpits, may, from assumin
manners of the theatre, be resembled to ranting
ers; the Clare-market orator, while he turns re
into farce, must be considered as exhibiting
and interludes of an inferior nature, and hims
garded as a Jack-pudding in a gown and cassoc

A bloated style is perhaps of all others least
commended. It is more frequently made a shel
nonsense, than a vehicle of truth: but, though i
per on all occasions, it more especially deviate
the chaste plainness and simplicity of pulpit eloq

Nor am I less displeased with those, who are admired by some as pretty preachers; as I think a clergyman may be a coxcomb in his style and manner, as well as a prig in his appearance. Flowers of rhetoric, injudiciously scattered over a sermon, are as disgusting in his discourse, as the smug wig and scented white handkerchief in his dress. The pretty preacher aims also at politeness and good-breeding, takes the ladies to task in a genteel vein of raillery, and handles their modish foibles with the same air, that he gallants their fans: but if he has a mind to put his abilities to the stretch, and indulge himself in a more than ordinary flow of rhetoric, he flitters away the solemnity of some scriptural subject; and I have heard a flourishing declaimer of this cast take off from the awful idea of the Passion, by dwelling principally on the gracefulness of person, sweetness of voice, and elegance of deportment, in the Divine Sufferer; and at another time, in speaking of the fall, I have known him to enter into a picturesque description of the woods, groves, and rivulets, pansies, pinks, and violets, that threw a perpetual gayety over the face of nature in the garden of Eden.

Affected oratory and an extravagant delivery were first practised by those who vary from the established church: nor is there any manner so unbecoming and indecent, which has not, at one time or another, been accounted truly spiritual and graceful. Snuffling through the nose with an harmonious twang, has been regarded as a kind of church-music best calculated to raise devotion, and a piteous chorus of sighs and groans has been thought the most effectual call to repentance. Irregular tremblings of the voice, and contortions of the person, have long been the eloquence of quakers and presbyterians; and are now the favourite mode of preaching practised by those self-ordained teachers, who strike out new lights in religion, and pour forth

their extempore rhapsodies in a torrent of enth tical oratory. An inspired cobler will thunde anathemas, with the tone and gesture of St. Paul, a joint-stool; and an enlightened bricklayer will himself up to such a pitch of vehemence, as make his audience quake again. I am sorry t our regular divines rather copying, than reform this hot and extravagant manner of preaching; have with pain been witness to a wild intemp delivery in our parish churches, which I should have expected at the chapel in Long-acre, or s foundery and tabernacle in Moor-fields.

As a serious earnestness in the delivery, and a vous simplicity in the style of a discourse, ar most becoming ornaments of the pulpit, so an a tation of eloquence is no-where so offensive. Th livery of a preacher, as well as his dictions sh like his dress, be plain and decent. Inflamed quence and wild gestures are unsuitable to the and his function; and though such vehement may perhaps kindle the zeal of a few enthusiasti beldams in the aisle, it has a very different effe the more rational part of the congregation. I therefore recommend it to our fashionable divin aim at being preachers rather than orators or a and to endeavour to make their discourses appea sermons rather than orations.

O.

N° 127. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
HOR.

Rage in her eyes, distraction in her mien,
Her breast indignant swells with jealous spleen.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

WE are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very duenna: she is as careful of me, as the *keisler aga*, or chief eunuch, is of the grand signior's favourite sultana: and whether she believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house, like a child in leading-strings: nay, if I do but step down stairs on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I shall give her the slip, that she always screams after me, 'my dear, you are not going out;' though for better security, she generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one may not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself, that I am handsomer or better made than other men: nor has she, in my eyes at least, fewer charms than other women. Need I add, that my complexion is not over sanguine, nor my constitution very robust? and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealousy. Such a one, she is sure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, sir, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our house: she has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the last century.

She will scarce allow me to mix even with persons of my own sex; and she looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common seducers. One evening, indeed, she vouchsafed to trust me out of doors at a tavern with some of my male friends: but the first bottle had scarce gone round, before word was brought up, that my boy was come with the lantern to light me home. I sent him back with orders to call in an hour; when presently after the maid was dispatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the summons; when, to our great surprize, the sick lady herself bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit; from which she did not recover, till the coach had set us down at our own house. She then called me the basest of husbands, and said, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-

houses, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at last she declared it to be her firm resolution, that I should never set my foot in any one of them again, except herself be allowed to make one of the company.

You will suppose, Sir, that while my wife is thus cautious, that I should not be led astray when abroad, she takes particular care, that I may not stumble on temptations at home. For this reason, as soon as I had brought her to my house, my two maid servants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and some open accusations, of too near an intimacy between us, though, I protest to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton; and the other, a strapping wench, as coarse and brawny as the female Sampson. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his master's sly ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for some time, before madam could suit herself with maids for her purpose. One was too pert an hussy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our houshold is made up of such beautiful monsters, as Caliban himself might fall in love with: my lady's own waiting-woman has a most inviting hump-back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over, like a Chinese figure; the house maid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of it's fellow; and the cook, besides a most captivating red face and protuberant waist, has a most graceful hobble in her gait, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I must never write a letter, but my wife must see the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till she has

broke the seal, or read it, till she has first run it over. Every rap at the door from the post-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burst with spleen at seeing a superscription, writtten in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impression on the wax: and a Cupid, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or stamped with a thimble, she interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux: and if there is a blank space left in any part of the letter, she always holds it for some time before the fire; that, if it should be filled with any secret contents, written in juice of lemons, they may by that means become visible.

About a month ago she found a mysterious paper in my coat-pocket, which awakened all her mistrust. This suspicious manuscript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which as she could not interpret, she immediately concluded it to be a *billet-doux* from some nasty creature, whom I secretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we corresponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blacksmith in the country; who, never having learnt to write, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a spade, he charged it to my account, by drawing, as well as he could, the figure of a spade, and adding at a little distance six perpendicular lines, to signify sixpence; or, if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote four shillings. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as possible, but very little to her satisfaction. It is absolutely impossible to quiet her suspicions: she is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay upbraids me on this account before strangers; and it was but last week, that she put me to inconceiv-

able confusion before a whole room-full of company, by telling them, that I was in love with a blacksmith.

Jealousy, Sir, it is said, is a sign of love. It may be so; but it is a species of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to say, that many a modern wife hates her husband most heartily, without causing him half that uneasiness, which my loving consort's suspicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims disturb me the more, because I am naturally of an even mind and calm disposition; one of the chief blessings I promised myself in matrimony was, to enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquillity. I loved my wife passionately; but I must own, that these perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with less and less tenderness every day; and though there is not a woman in the world, that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that such violent suspicions without a cause, have often created real matter for jealousy.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T.

N° 128. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

Quod optimum sit quæritis convivium?
In quod choraules non venit.

MART.

Happy that house, where fiddles never come,
Horn, hautboy, harpsichord, nor kettle-drum.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

MY wife is mad, stark mad; and unless you can prescribe some remedy for that strange phrenzy which possesses her, my peace of mind must be for ever broken, and my fortune inevitably ruined. You must know, Sir, that she is afflicted with a disorder exactly opposite to the bite of a tarantula: for, as that is said to admit of no cure but music, there is not a note in the gamut, but what tends to heighten and inflame my wife's lunacy. I find it is the fashion, in this age, for singers and fiddlers to publish appeals to the public: wherefore, as you have hitherto listened to the complaints of husbands, I must beg you now to consider mine, and to suffer me also to appeal to the public, by means of your paper.

A few years ago business called me over to Italy; where this unfortunate woman received the first touches of this disorder. She soon conceived a violent passion for taste in general, which settled at last in an unquenchable rage after musical compositions. Solos, sonatas, operas, and concertos, became her sole employment and delight, and singers and musicians, her only company. At length, full of Italian airs,

she returned to England, where also her whole happiness had been centered in the orchestra, and it has been her whole pride to be thought a connoisseur in music. If there is an opera, oratorio, or concert, to be performed within the bills of mortality, I do not believe, that the riches of the Indies could prevail on her to be absent. Two, and only two, good consequences flow from this madness; and those are, that she constantly attends St. James's chapel, for the sake of the anthem and the rest of the music: and, out of the many pounds idly squandered on minims and semi-quavers, some few are dedicated to charities, which are promoted by musical performances.

But what makes this rage after catgut more irksome and intolerable to me is, that I have not myself the least idea of what they call taste, and it almost drives me mad to be pestered with it. I am a plain man, and have not the least spice of a connoisseur in my composition; yet nothing will satisfy my wife, unless I appear as fond of such nonsense as herself. About a month ago she prevailed on me to attend her to the Opera, where every dying fall made her expire, as well as Lady Townly. She was ravished with one air, in extasies at another, applauded Ricciarelli, encored Mingotti, and, in short, acted like an absolute madwoman; while the performance, and her behaviour, had a quite different effect upon me, who sat dumb with confusion, "most musical, most melancholy," at her elbow. When we came home again, she seemed as happy as harmony could make her; but I must own, that I was all discord, and most heartily vexed at being made a fool in public. 'Well, my dear,' said she, 'how do you like the opera?'——'Zounds, madam, I would as soon be dragged through a horsepond, as go to an opera with you again.'——'O fie! but you must be delighted with the Mingotti.'——'The Mingotti! The devil.'——'Well I am sorry for it,

Sir Aaron,' but I find you have no ear."——'Ear, madam! I had rather cut off my ears, than suffer them to make me an idiot.' To this she made me no reply, but began a favourite opera tune: and, after taking a tour round the room, like one of the singers, left me alone.

If my wife could be satisfied, like other musical ladies, with attending public performances, and now and then thrumming on her harpsichord the tunes she hears there, I should be content: but she has also a concert of her own constantly once a week. Here she is in still greater raptures than at the opera, as all the music is chosen and appointed by herself. The expence of this whim is monstrous; for not one of these people will open their mouths, or rosin a single string, without being very well paid for it. Then she must have all the best hands and voices; and has almost as large a set of performers in pay as the manager of the opera. It puts me quite out of patience to see these fellows strutting about my house, drest up like lords and gentlemen. Not a single fiddler, or singer, but what appears in lace or embroidery; and I once mistook my wife's chief musician for a foreign ambassador.

It is impossible to recount the numberless follies to which this ridiculous passion for music exposes her. Her devotion to the art makes her almost adore the professors of it. A musician is a greater man, in her eye, than a duke; and she would sooner oblige an opera-singer than a countess. She is as busy in promoting their benefits, as if she was to have the receipts of the house; and quarrels with all her acquaintance, who will not permit her to load them with tickets. Every fiddler in town makes it his business to scrape an acquaintance with her; and an Italian is no sooner imported, than she becomes a part of my wife's band of performers. In the late opera disputes, she has been a most furious partizan; and it is impos-

sible for any patriot to feel more anxiety for the danger of Blakeney and Minorca, than she has suffered on account of the Opera, and the loss of Mingotti.

I do not believe my wife has a single idea, except recitative, airs, counter-tenor, thorough-bass, &c. which are perpetually singing in her head. When we sit together, instead of joining in any agreeable conversation, she is always either humming a tune, or 'discoursing most eloquent music.' Nature has denied her a voice; but, as Italy has given her taste and a graceful manner, she is continually squeaking out strains, less melodious than the harmony of ballad-singing in our streets, or psalm-singing in a country church. To make her still more ridiculous, she learns to play on that masculine instrument, the bass-viol; the pleasure of which nothing can prevail on her to forego, as the bass-viol, she daily tells me, contains the whole power and very soul of harmony.

What method, Mr. Town, shall I pursue to cure my wife of this musical phrenzy? I have some thoughts of holding weekly a burlesque rorotorio, composed of mock-airs, with grand accompanyments of the jew's harp, wooden spoons, and marrowbones and cleavers, on the same day with my wife's concert; and have actually sent to two of Mrs. Midnight's hands to teach me the art and mystery of playing on the broom-stick and hurdy-gurdy, at the same time that my wife learns on the bass-viol. I have also a strong rough voice, which will enable me roar out bumper 'squire Jones, roast beef, or some other old English ballad, whenever she begins to trill forth her melodious airs in Italian. If this has no effect, I will learn to beat the drum, or wind the post-horn: and if I should still find it impossible for noise and clamour to overcome the sound of her voices and instruments, I have half resolved peremptorily to shut my doors

against singers and fiddlers, and even to demol harpsichord and bass-viol.

But this, alas! is coming to extremities, w am almost afraid to venture, and would endea avoid. I have no aversion to music; but I wo be a fiddler: nor do I dislike company; but I as soon keep an inn, as convert my house into tre for all the idle things of both sexes to assem But my wife's affections are so wedded to the that I cannot devise any means to wean her fr folly. If I could make her fond of dress, o her to love cards, plays, or any thing but m should be happy. This method of destroyi peace with harmony, is no better than tickling death; and to squander away such sums of mo a parcel of bawling scraping rascals in lace and bag-wigs, is absolutely giving away my est an old song. You, Mr. Town, are a professe noisseur; therefore, either give me a little ta teach my wife to abandon it: for at present but a jangling pair, and there is not the least h ny between us, though like bass and treble, obliged to join in concert.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AARON H

T.

N° 129. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

——— *Post cineres gloria sera venit.*
MART.

Fame to our ashes comes, alas! too late;
And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM a rich old bachelor, and, like other ancient gentlemen of that order, am very fond of being indulged in all my odd humours, and always having my own way. This is one reason I never married: for if my wife had been a shrewish termagant, she would have killed me; and if she had been a tame domestic animal, I should have killed her. But the way of life I have now fallen into is, of all others, the best calculated to gratify my fantastical temper. I have no near relation, indeed, who will submit to be treated as a humble cousin all my life, in hopes of being happy at my death; yet I abound in sycophants and followers, every one of whom I delude, like another Volpone, with the expectations of being made my heir. The abject spirit of these wretches flatters me, and amuses me. I am indolent, and hate contradiction; and can safely say, that not one of my acquaintance has contradicted me for these seven years. There is not one of them but would be glad if I would spit in his face, or rejoice at a kick of the breech from me, if they thought I meant it as a token of my familiarity. When I am grave, they appear as dull as

mutes at a funeral: when I smile, they grin like monkies: when I tell a silly story, they chuckle over every ridiculous particular, and shake their sides in admiration of my wit. Sometimes I pretend to be short-sighted, and then not one of them sees farther than his nose. They swallow sour wine, eat musty victuals, and are proud to ride in my old boots.

I have been told of a certain prelate, who brought his chaplains to such a degree of servility, that after every deal at whist, they would ask him, what he would choose to have for trumps next deal? I keep my fellows in equal good order. They all think me a close old hunks; and, imagining that winning their money will put me in good humour with them, they practise all the arts of sharping to cheat themselves. I have known them pack the cards at whist, that I might hold all the four honours in my own hand: they will load the dice in my favour, at hazard; pocket themselves on purpose, at billiards; and, at bowls, if any one is near winning the game, he never fails in the next cast to mistake his bias. It is impossible for the most despotic monarch to be more absolute over his subjects, than I am over these slaves and sycophants. Yet, in spite of all their endeavours to oblige me, I most heartily despise them; and have already drawn up a will, in which I have bequeathed to each of them a shilling and a dog-collar.

But, though I have settled in my mind what legacies I shall leave them, I have not thoroughly resolved in what manner I shall dispose of the bulk of my estate. Indeed I am fully determined, like most other wealthy bachelors, either to leave my fortune to some ostentatious pious uses, or to persons, whom I have never seen, and for whose characters I have not the least regard or esteem. To speak sincerely, ostentation carries away my whole heart: but then it is a little difficult to find out a new object to indulge my vanity,

whilst I am on this side the grave; by securing to me a certain prospect of posthumous fame, which is always so agreeable to living pride.

The hospitals are so numerous, that my name will be lost among those more known and established of Guy, Morden, Bancroft, and I know not who. Besides, in the space of four or five centuries, perhaps, it may be thought, notwithstanding my whole length picture and statue, that I had assistance from parliament. If I order my money to be laid out in churches, they will never be built: if in temples, gardens, lakes, obelisks, and serpentine rivers, the next generation of the sons of taste will demolish all my works, turn my rounds into squares, and my squares into rounds, and not leave even my bust, although it were cast in plaister of Paris by Mr. Racstrow, or worked up in wax by Mr. Goupy. Or supposing, in imitation of some of my predecessors, I were to bequeath my fortune to my housekeeper, and recommend her in my will as a pattern of virtue, diligence, and every good quality, what will be the effect? In three weeks after my death she will marry an Irishman, and I shall not even enjoy my monument and marble periwig in Westminster-Abbey.

Nothing perplexes me so much as the disposal of my money by my last will and testament. While I am living, it procures the most servile compliance with all my whims from my sycophants, and several other conveniences: but I would fain buy fame with it after my death. Do but instruct me, how I may lay it out in the most valuable purchases of this sort; only discover some new object of charity, and perhaps I may bequeath you a round sum of money for your advice.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS VAINALL.

It is said by an old poet, that no man's life can be called happy or unhappy till his death: in like manner, I have often thought, that no words or actions are a better comment on a person's temper and disposition, than his last will and testament. This is a true portraiture of himself, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very strongly marked. In the discharge of this solemn act, people sign and seal themselves, either wise and good characters, or villains and fools: and any person that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money to frivolous uses, only takes a great deal of pains, like Dogberry in the play, "that he may be set down an ass."

The love of fame governs our actions more universally than any other passion. All the rest gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This perhaps is one of the chief inducements, that influences wealthy persons to bequeath their possessions to ostentatious uses; and they would as willingly lay out a considerable sum in buying a great name (if possible) at their deaths, as they would bestow it on the purchase of a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleased with leaving some memorial of their existence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themselves by the application of their money to some vain-glorious purposes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themselves remarkable, or laid out a single shilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an Apotheosis were to be bought, how many rich scoundrels would be deified after their deaths! not a plumb in the city but would purchase this imaginary godship, as readily as he paid for his freedom at his first setting up; and I doubt not but this fantastical distinction would be more frequent on an escutcheon, than a coronet.

The disposal of our fortunes by our last will should

be considered as the discharge of a sacred trust, which we should endeavour to execute in a just manner; and, as we have had the enjoyment of rich possessions, we ought carefully to provide, that they may devolve to those, who have the most natural claim to them. They who may first demand our favour, are those who are allied to us by the ties of blood: next to these, stand those persons to whom we are connected by friendship; and, next to our friends and relations, mankind in general. But the humanity of a testator will not be thought very extensive, though it reaches to posterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or those individuals, who have the best title to his benevolence. Virgil has placed those rich men, who bestowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief personages in his hell. Wherefore I would advise my good correspondent Mr. Vainall first to consider, whether he has not some poor relation, starving perhaps in some distant part of the kingdom: after that, let him look round, whether he has not some friends, whom he may possibly relieve from misery and distress. But if he has no relation, nor any person in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hospital, I should take it as a particular favour if he would leave his money to me, and will promise to immortalize his memory in the Connoisseur.

N° 130. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

——— Lyræ solers, et cantor.——
HOR.

Sweet Virtuosa! with what art she sings!
With what a gusto strikes the trembling strings!

I HAVE just received the following letter from Lady Humkin, the musical consort of my late correspondent Sir Aaron. I shall not pretend to moderate in family-disputes of so important a nature, but leave each party to speak for themselves.

MR. TOWN,

PRAY hear both sides fairly, before you judge; for (to use a vulgar expression) one story is good, till the other is told. I am, Sir, the unfortunate wife of that inelegant (I had almost said insensible) husband, who, in your paper of the eighth instant, pronounces and publishes me to be mad, stark mad.

I confess and glory in my passion for music: and can there be a nobler or a more generous one? My nerves are naturally strung to harmony, and variously affected by the various combinations of the gamut. Some stay in Italy added skill and taste in composition to my natural happy disposition to music; and the best judges, as well as the best performers in that country, allowed me to have an uncommon share of *virtù*. I both compose and perform, Sir: and though I say it, perhaps few, even of the profession, possess the *contra-punto* and the *cromatic* better; and I have had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing my composi-

tions and my performances dignified in Italy with the unanimous appellations of *squisito, divino,* and *adorevole.*

Is there any madness in this? Does not he better deserve that imputation, whose breast is insensible and impenetrable to all the charms and powers of harmony? To be plain, I mean my husband: whom I have frequently seen yawn, nay leave the room, in the middle of the most touching pathetic, sung by the most affecting Signora Mingotti, accompanied by the divine Signor di Giardino. And yet,—pardon this digressive transport,—how irresistible is the expression, the melody, the cadences, the *apogyraturas* of that incomparable *virtuosa!* What energy, what delicacy, and what variety are in the inimitable compositions and execution of the charming Signor di Giardino! What an *arpeggio* he has, what a *staccato,* what an *andante!* In short, I may, I am sure, with truth assert, that whether in the *allegro* or the *piano,* the *adagio,* the *largo,* or the *forte,* he never had his equal. Oh, Mr. Town, what an irretrievable loss has this country sustained! My good man, among his other qualifications, is a politician, you must know; and one of his principal objections against these *virtuosi* is, that they are foreigners. He flew into a violent passion with me last Sunday night, because I had a concert at my house, when (he said) such bad news were received from abroad. I know not what he, and other muddy-headed politicians, may think: but let him talk what he will of the Blakeney, the Governor, the Admiral, I am sure the nation cannot sustain a greater evil, than the loss of the Mingotti; who, as the public prints will inform you, "is gone to Holland, till her affairs in England can be settled."

But however gothic my husband may be, I am fully determined to discharge the duty of a good wife. Accordingly, whenever he comes into my room, I sit down to my harpsichord, and sing and play the most

soothing pieces of music, in hopes some time or other of hitting his unison, but hitherto to no purpose; and, to say the truth, I fear he has not one harmonic nerve in his whole system, though otherwise a man of good plain sense. When he interrupts my performances (as in his letter he owns that he does) with wishing for the men from Mother Midnight's, with their wooden spoons, salt-boxes, jews-harps, and broomsticks, to play in concert with me; I answer him with all the gentleness and calmness imaginable—'Indeed, my dear, you have not the least notion of these things. It would be impossible to bring those ridiculous instruments into a concert, and to adopt a thorough-bass to them: they have not above three notes at most, and those cannot be *sostenute*.' 'I wish for all that,' answers he, 'that they were here: I should like them better than all your Signors and Signoras; and I am sure they would cost a great deal less.'

This article of expence he often dwells upon, and sometimes even with warmth; to which I reply, with all the mildness that becomes a good wife, 'My dear, you have a good fortune of your own, and I brought you still a better. Of what use is money, if not employed? and how can it be better employed, than in encouraging and rewarding distinguished *gusto* and merit? These people, whom you call ballad-singers and pipers, are people of birth, though for the most part of small fortunes; and they are much more considered, as you know, in Italy, than all the greatest ancient Roman heroes, if revived, would now be. They leave their own country, where they are so infinitely esteemed for their moral as well as their musical characters, and generously sacrifice all these advantages to our diversion. Besides, my dear, what should we do with our money? Would you lavish it away upon foundling bastards; lying-in women, who have either no husbands or too many; importunate beggars,

all whose cries and complaints are the most shocking discords? Or, suppose that we were to save our money, and leave our children better fortunes, who knows but they might, as too many do, squander them away idly? whereas what we give to these *virtuosi*, we know, is given to merit. For my own part, my dear, I have infinite pleasure, when I can get any of them to accept of fifty or a hundred guineas; which, by the way, cannot always be brought about without some art and contrivance; for they are most exceedingly nice and delicate upon the point of honour, especially in the article of money. I look upon such trifling presents as a debt due to superior talents and merit; and I endeavour to insinuate them in a way, that the receiver may not blush.'—Here my husband breaks out into a violent passion, and says,—'Oons, madam, shew me a *virtuoso*, or a *virtuosa*, (as you call them) who ever blushed in their lives, and I will give them the fee simple of my estate.' You see, Mr. Town, what a strange man he is, that he has no idea of elegance and *divertimenti*; and when he is so violently in *alt*, I will leave you to judge, who it is that is mad, stark mad.

In short, Sir, my husband is insensible, untunable, to the most noble, generous, and strongest of all human passions, a passion for music. That divine passion alone engrosses the whole soul, and leaves no room for lesser and vulgar cares: for you must certainly have observed, Mr. Town, that whoever has a passion for, and a thorough knowledge of, music, is fit for no one other thing. Thus truly informed of my case, I am sure you will judge equitably between Sir Aaron and

Your very humble servant,

MARIA HUMKIN.

N° 131. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 17

——— *Inter*
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos?—— HOR.

Here the wise youth is deem'd a rev'rend sage,
And shares the honours of grey heirs and age:
Th' old dotard here, whom childish passions ru
Takes for his due name, an infant and a fool.

NO other disposition or turn of mind so total
a man for all the social offices of life, as indole
idle man is a mere blank in the creation: h
made for no end, and lives to no purpose. H
engage himself in any employment or prof
cause he will never have diligence enough to
he can succeed in no undertaking, for he wi
pursue it: he must be a bad husband, father,
lation, for he will not take the least pains to
his wife, children, and family, from starving:
must be a worthless friend, for he would not
hand from his bosom, though to prevent the
tion of the universe. If he is born poor, he
main so all his life, which he would probably
ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in t
will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of
his stewards will acquire immense estates, and
self perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did n
us into the world in a state of perfection, but
us in a capacity of improvement; which shou
to intimate, that we should labour to render
excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots
to be able to become at least decent, if not e

in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendant genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers, to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and, with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and Bob Majors, as the boys of Christ-Church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature

as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness practicable. He, who does no good, will certai mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored wit ful knowledge, will necessarily become a maga nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, t he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or w his trade, may always find some ways of em his time to advantage. If he makes no advan wisdom, he will become more and more a s folly: and he that does nothing, because he h thing to do, will become vicious and abandoned best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, t man of an honest heart and fine natural al whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indo Such a person is a constant plague to all his f and acquaintance, with all the means in his po adding to their happiness; and suffers himself t among the lowest characters, when he might himself conspicuous among the highest. Not more universally beloved, and more universally ed, than my friend Careless. He is a humane who never did a beneficent action: and a man shaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to d With the best head, and the best heart, he re his conduct in the most absurd manner, and fre ly injures his friends: for whoever neglects to c tice to himself, must inevitebly wrong thos whom he is connected; and it is by no means maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but him

Virtue then is not to be considered in the l mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Tit he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some virtue, cried out, 'I have lost a day.' If we our time in this light, how many days shall w back upon as irretrievably lost? and to how na

compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat.* 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of survivors, which would certainly point out the most brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps see some inscriptions, not much unlike the following:—

Here lie the remains of a celebrated beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the small-pox in her twenty-third.

Here rests, in eternal sleep, the mortal part of L. B. a freethinker, aged 88, an infant. He came into the world by chance in the year ——, and was annihilated in the first year of his age.

Here continue to rot the bones of a noted buck, an embryo, which never shewed any signs of life; but after twenty-three years was so totally putrified, that it could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here lies the swoln carcase of a boon companion, who was born in a dropsy in his 40th year. He lingered in this condition, till he was obliged to be tapped; when he relapsed into his former condition, and died in the second year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.

Here lies Isaac Da-Costa, a convert from Judaism, aged 64. He was born and christened in his sixty-first year, and died in the true faith in the third year of his age.

Here is deposited the body of the celebrated beau Tawdry, who was born at court in the year ——, on a birthnight, and died of grief in his second year, upon the court's going into mourning.

Here rots A. B. still-born, who died of a fright on the 20th of May 1756.

Here rests from his labours the brave general B. who died about the 100th year of his age, older than Methuselah.

O.

N° 132. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
HOR.

I hate the vulgar, nor will condescend
To call a foul-mouth'd handicraftsman friend.

I KNOW not any greater misfortune, that can happen to a young fellow at his first setting out in life, than his falling into low company. He that sinks to familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and, though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again. He will also inevitably contract a mean air, and an illiberal disposition; and you can no more give him an ingenuous turn of mind, by a sudden introduction to genteel company, than you can make an apprentice a fine gentleman, by dressing him in embroidery: though experience teaches us, that the mind is, unhappily, sooner distorted than reformed; and a gentleman will as readily catch the manners of the vulgar, by mixing with such mean associates, as he would daub his clothes with soot, by running against a chimney-sweeper.

A propensity to low company is owing, either to an original meanness of spirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly arising from both the forementioned causes. Those, who are naturally of a grovelling disposition, shew it even at school, by choosing their play-fellows from the scum of the class; and are never so happy, as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. They have

no emulation in them; they entertain none (decent pride, which is so essential a requisit characters; and the total absence of which, in is a certain indication that his riper age will b temptible. I remember a young fellow of thi who, by his early attachment to low compan up all the advantages of a good family and am tune. He not only lost all his natural interest country, where his estate was situated, but w honoured with the acquaintance of one gentler it. He lived, indeed, chiefly in town, and at pence sufficient to have maintained him among of the first rank; but he was so perpetually surr with men of the lowest character, that peo fashion, or even those of a much inferior f would have thought it infamous to be seen wit All the while, he was reckoned, by his associ be a mighty good-natured gentleman, and with least bit of pride in him.

It is one of the greatest advantages of edu that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cul a liberal disposition. We do not wonder, tha who has never been sent to school, and whose fa have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, form too close an intimacy with his best frien groom and the game-keeper; but it would to see a boy, well-educated, cherish this in- pride of being, as it is called, the head of th pany. A person of this humble ambition will l well content to pay the reckoning, for the l of being distinguished by the title of The (man: while he is unwilling to associate with r fashion, lest they should be his superiors in r fortune; or with men of parts, lest they shoul him in abilities. Sometimes, indeed, it happer a person of genius and learning will stoop to r the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in

ter-house or cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a bawdy-house in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour; and, from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character, as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practises, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then had the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Essex or Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged in the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket, and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn: and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the

air and manner of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect; which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the high spirits at Comus's court, or at the meetings of the 'sons of sound sense and satisfaction.' He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well known to every street-walker between Charing-cross and Cheapside. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping, and Fleet-ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier, for engaging with his trull, in St. James's park. The last time I saw him, he was laid up with two black eyes and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar.

N° 133. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis;
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas.
Quod superest, ultrò sacris largire Camænis. *

CO. LITT.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, *Middle Temple.*

IF we look into the several inns of court, the professed students of the law compose a very numerous body: but if we afterwards turn our eyes on those few, who are employed in exercising their talents in Westminster-Hall, this prodigious army of lawyers shrinks to a very thin and inconsiderable corps. Thousands, it seems, are disgusted with the unpleasing dryness of the study, as it is now managed, and conceive an unconquerable aversion to the white leaves and the old black letter. This early dislike to legal inquiries certainly proceeds from the fatal mistakes in the plan of study hitherto recommended. According to all systems now extant, it is absolutely impossible to be at once a lawyer, and a fine gentleman. Seeing with concern the many evils arising from these erroneous principles, I have at length devised a method to remedy all these inconveniences; a method, now very successfully practised by several young gentlemen. Wherefore I must beg leave to submit my thoughts to the public by means of your paper, and to chalk out the out-lines of a treatise, now ready for the press, intitled The Complete Barrister, or, A New Institute of the Laws of England.

* See the translation in the body of the paper.

My lord Coke prescribes to our student to
the advice given in the ancient verses, prefixed
letter, for the good spending of the day: "Six
to sleep, six to the study of the law, four to p
two to meals, and the rest to the Muses." Bu
an absurd and unfashionable distribution of th
and-twenty hours! I will venture a thousand
to a shilling, that not one student in the kingd
vides his time in this manner. Here is not a
word of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, or
public diversions; not to mention, that nobody
methodist would ever think of praying four
and that it would be impossible, though we wer
tent with snapping up a chop every day at Bet
dispatch even dinner in two. How then shall
concile these precepts, scarce practicable by a l
to the life of a young gentleman, who keeps th
company? or how can these rules for severe a
tion be made consistent with the practice of
who divide their whole time between eating, dri
sleeping, and amusements? Well knowing th
volatile dispositions of the young gentlemen
present age can never submit the ordering of the
to any prescribed rules, I have endeavoured to
my precepts to their lives: and have so contriv
matter, that, amidst the keenest pursuit of thei
sures, they shall be engaged in the most imp
course of the law.

As laws are chiefly nothing else but rules of
what can be more cruel and absurd, than to coo
brisk young man, to learn, in his chambers, w
can so much better teach himself by going abro
the world? I propose to dose gentlemen with st
Dr. Rock does with physic, to be taken at h
abroad, without loss of time, or hindrance of bu
This, I am convinced, is not only the best m
but also the only scheme which several inhabit

the inns of court would ever follow. I shall not at present forestall the contents of my treatise, by presenting you with a dry abstract of it, but rather endeavour to give you an idea of the spirit and manner in which it is written, by delineating the plan diligently pursued by one of my favourite pupils: and I cannot but congratulate the bar, that so many young men, instead of blinding their eyes and bewildering their understandings with Coke, Plowden, Salkeld, &c. have sense enough to follow the same course of study.

Tom Riot, the principal ornament of my class of students was sent to the Temple, not with any intention that he should become a great lawyer, but merely because, for a few years, his father did not know how to dispose of him otherwise: but so unwearied has been his application to the new method, that his father and the rest of his friends will, I doubt not, be surprised at his wonderful proficiency. As nothing is of more consequence to those gentlemen, who intend to harangue at the bar, than the acquiring a ready elocution, and an easy habit of delivering their thoughts in public, to this I paid particular attention. For this purpose, I advised him to a diligent attendance on the theatres; and I assure you, Mr. Town, he never fails to take notes at a new play, and seldom or never misses appearing, at one house or the other, in the green boxes. He has also gathered many beautiful flowers of rhetoric, unblown upon by all other orators, ancient or modern, from the Robin Hood society; and at the same place he has collected the strongest arguments on every subject, and habituated himself to modes of reasoning never hitherto introduced into courts of justice. But what has been of more than ordinary service to him, and is particularly recommended by lord Coke himself, who calls 'conference the life of study,' is his so frequent attendance at George's and the other coffee-houses about the Temple, where

every student has so many opportunities of benefiting himself by daily conversation with counsellors, attorneys, clerks to attorneys, and other sages of the law.

The law is intended to take cognizance of all our actions: wherefore my pupil, who is fond of exerting his faculties in polite life, has already digested almost all the grand leading points of the law into a journal of his transactions, which I shall lay before my readers at large in my treatise, as the best method for a common-place-book. Thus, for instance, having been frequently employed, after leaving the Shakspeare, in what is called beating the rounds, it has happened to him to be taken into custody by the magistrate of the night, and carried the next morning before a justice; by which means he has attained as full a knowledge of certain parts of the duty of a constable and justice of peace, as could be collected from Dalton, Blackerby, or Burn. Certain impertinences of his tailor and other tradesmen have given him a very clear notion of the laws of arrest, and been of as much service to him as the best treatises on bail and mainprize. Besides which, the several sums of money which he has taken up at different times, payable on his father's death, have opened to him some difficult points in conveyancing, by teaching him the nature of bonds, deeds, &c. and have at the same time shewn him what Lord Coke calls, "the amiable and admirable secrets of the common law," by unravelling to him the intricate doctrines of reversion and remainder, as well as the general nature of estates. Thus he is continually improving; and whenever he shall happen to commit a rape, or a genteel murder, it will serve him for matter of instruction, as well as any history of the pleas of the crown, and give him an insight into the nature of the practice and extent of the jurisdiction of our courts of justice.

By this plan of study no time is lost: so that, while

other students are idling away their vacation in the country, my pupil is daily improving there. As he is a member of the association, he is very conversant in all the laws enacted for the preservation of the game; and he picks up all the learning of the circuit, by dancing at the balls at the assizes. As his father has a place, he is employed in canvassing for votes at the time of an election, which instructs him in all the points of law touching those matters. He was principally concerned in discovering the Customary Tenants, that new species of freeholders unknown to Littleton, Coke, and all the lawyers of antiquity: and he is so intimately acquainted with all the doctrine contained in the several clauses of the bribery act, that I propose publishing in the body of my treatise *Les Readings Del Mon Seignior Riot Sur L'Estatute de 2 Geo. II. &c.*

By this time, Mr. Town, you must perceive, that the ground of my scheme is, in short, no more than this, viz. that the student should regard his life as a kind of commentary on the law, as it is recommended to the clergy to become examples of the doctrine they teach. Or, to bring my illustration more home to these gentlemen, let them learn the law by being occasionally interested in different parts of it; as they become, in some measure, doctors of physic from frequent need of it, and can cure themselves, in certain cases, as well as Rock himself. Instead of poring over books, a gentleman need only observe, how far the law and his actions tally with each other; and as it is said by Lord Coke, "that the knowledge of the law is like a "deep well, out of which each man draweth accord-"ing to the strength of his understanding," so, in pursuance of my plan, the student will improve according to the eagerness with which he engages in his pleasures: and this, no doubt, was intended by Lord Coke, as it is the most obvious interpretation of his

words, when he concludes the comparison by saying, that "when the professor of the law can dive into "the depth, it is delightful, easy, and without any "heavy burthen, so long as he keeps himself in his "own proper element."

What plan, Mr. Town, can be more delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, than institutes of this nature? I have indeed often looked with concern upon those unhappy gentlemen, who have impaired their health by the old method of study, and considered them as martyrs to huge volumes of reports and statutes at large: my pupils will be in no danger of these misfortunes. It is recorded of an eminent counsellor, of the North family, (who, being one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, was overloaded with business,) that sometimes choosing to retire a while from hurry and perplexity, he would say to his clerk, "Tell the people I do not practise this term." This proper relaxation I always recommend to my pupils, and have some reason to think they are prudent enough to embrace it; for, as I am acquainted with several students on the new plan, and do not remember to have seen them doing any business in the courts for some time, I suppose they had given notice to their clerks "to tell the people that they did not "practise in those terms."

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

IGNORAMUS.

W.

N° 134. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.
HOR.

The tott'ring tow'r, and mould'ring walls repair,
And fill with decency the house of pray'r:
Quick to the needy curate bring relief,
And deck the parish-church without a brief.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I begun to despair of picking up any intelligence, that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste, but proceed to give you some reflections, which occurred to us on observing several country churches, and the behaviour of their congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence; and I could not help wishing, that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by inclosing his gooseberry-bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe land into a bowling-green, would have an-

plied part of his income to the more laudable purpose, of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service. It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage-house well thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies, makes a principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours with which the damps have stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been found expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with a hammer.

In other churches I have observed, that nothing unseemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The squire of the parish, or his ancestors perhaps, to testify their devotion, and to leave a lasting monument to their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat; and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendour and expence; while the gentleman, who fills it, is exalted, in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that seems to have transferred it's faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the in-

decency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion; and that he who bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered testaments till they have found the text; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion: while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them, that making posies in summer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish-clerk, who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books; while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the old style. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggish measures; and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the first two staves of the hundredth pslam with the Gloria Patri, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and, after a prelude with the pitch-pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and anthems of their own composing. As these

new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily mad young men and maids, we may naturally suppos there is a perfect concord and symphony b them: and, indeed, I have known it happer these sweet singers have more than once been b into disgrace, by too close an unison betwe thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide, which is upon as the greatest man in a country church, t son or his clerk. The latter is most certainly l higher veneration, where the former happens only a poor curate, who rides post every sabbat village to village, and mounts and dismounts church-door. The clerk's office is not only to t prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon stave; but he is also the universal father to giv the brides, and the standing god-father to all th born bantlings. But in many places there is greater man belonging to the church, than eit parson or the clerk himself. The person I mear 'Squire; who, like the king, may be styled head church in his own parish. If the benefice be in h gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequen tirely at his devotion: or, if the care of the chu left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast beef an pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the mano bring him as much under the 'Squire's comm his dogs and horses. For this reason the bell i kept tolling, and the people waiting in the c yard, an hour longer than the usual time; no the service begin till the 'Squire has strutted aile, and seated himself in the great pew in the cel. The length of the sermon is also measur the will of the 'Squire, as formerly by the hour and I know one parish, where the preacher l ways the complaisance to conclude his discourse ever abruptly, the minute that the 'Squire gi signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the 'Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females, that are stared at for their finery: but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by the stage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace the gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoress, who came sidling after him in an enormous fan-hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several Negligées, with furbelowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most woefully eclipsed by a burgess's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trolloppée or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gymped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one a grocer's wife attracted our eyes, by a new-fashion'd cap, called a Joan; and, at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter, in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there, as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-sticks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the haberdashers bills, glewed upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds: the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice

at the beginning of the service; and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

T.

N° 135. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1756.

Vos sapere, et solos aio benè vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis funaata pecunia villis.
HOR.

O Cit thrice happy, that canst range
To Bow or Clapham from the 'Change;
In whose spruce Villa is display'd
The plum, thou hast acquir'd by trade!

I AM sorry to have provoked the resentment of many of our present poets by rejecting their compositions; which, as they abound in high-flown metaphors and compound epithets, were, I feared, too sublime for my humble province of plain prose. I have found, that the same poetical genius, which could soar to an Ode, can be whetted to a most cutting Satire against me and my works: and one in particular has poured forth his whole wrath upon me in an Acrostic. But I need not offer any apology for laying the following verses before the public, which may be considered as a supplement to a former paper on the like subject. The easy elegance, which runs through the whole, will readily distinguish them to come from the same hand, that has more than once obliged us in the course of this undertaking.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one horse-chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires it's views, it's situation;
And thus she opens her oration.

"What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear:
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffick has a house you know,
About a mile from Cheney-Row:
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be outdone, my dear."

Sir Traffick's name, so well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost def'rence to his wife,

Confess'd, the argument had reason;
And, by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
That stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over:
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
" Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countryfy'd!
'Twould come to but a trifling price,
To make it quite a paradise.
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales;
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd:
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye:

But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before;
Nothing it's views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ller, in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, 'that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.'

No doubt, her arguments prevail;
For Madam's Taste can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-sçai-quoi*, Virtù:
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water four feet wide;
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.

In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where taste would want it's first great law,
But for the skulking sly ha-ha:
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park corner come
The Gods of Athens and of Rome:
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus and the clumsy graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a taste:
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With Common-Council-Men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

N° 136. THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1756.

——*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*
MART.

To paint mankind, our sole pretence;
And all our wisdom, common sense.

WE, whose business it is to write loose essays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one subject, are not expected to enter into philosophical disquisitions, or engage in abstract specula-

tio : but it is supposed to be our principal aim to
and instruct the reader, by a lively representation of what passes round about him. Thus, like those painters, who delineate the scenes of familiar life, we sometimes give a sketch of a marriage *à la mode*, sometimes draw the outlines of a modern midnight conversation, at another time paint the comical distresses of itinerant tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the rake's or harlot's progress. Sometimes we divert the public by exhibiting single portraits; and when we meet with a sub-
, where the features are strongly marked by na-
, and there is something peculiarly characteristic in the whole manner, we employ ourselves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we consider all mankind as sitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring: and though perhaps they are not always highly finished, yet they seldom fail of pleasing some few, at least, of the vast multitude of Critics and Connoisseurs, if we are so happy as to hit off a striking likeness.

There is perhaps no knowledge more requisite, and certainly none at present more ardently sought after, than the knowledge of the world. In this science we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to initiate, or at least improve, our readers in it. And though this knowledge cannot be collected altogether from books, yet (as Pope says) "men may be read, as well as books, too much;" and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only consulted the volume of life, as it lay open before them, have rather become worse, than better, by their studies. They, who have lived wholly in the world without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all it's vices; to which the gathering part of their instructions from books would perhaps have

proved an antidote. There, indeed, though they would have seen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly represented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable, light; but those, who unwarned go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the splendor, with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and, being accustomed to see barefoot honesty treated with scorn, are themselves induced to consider it as contemptible. For this reason, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern novelists and writers of comedy, who gloss over a villainous character with the same varnish, that lackers so many scoundrels in real life; and while they are exhibiting a fellow, who debauches your daughter, or lies with your wife, represent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

The world, even the gayest part of it, may be painted like itself, and yet become a lesson of instruction. The pieces of Hogarth (to recur to the illustration I first made use of) are faithful delineations of certain scenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear odious and contemptible. I could wish it were possible to learn the knowledge of the world without being 'hackneyed in the ways of man:' but as that is impracticable, it is still our duty so to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourse with mankind. We should endeavour to guard against fraud, without becoming ourselves deceitful; and to see every species of vice and folly practised round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villainy of others is but a poor excuse for the loss of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on Hownslow-Heath, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I should be very deservedly brought to the gallows, if I took

purse from the next person I met, because I had been robbed myself.

The knowledge of the world, as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on it's vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and those, who consider themselves as best acquainted with it, are either the dupes of fashion, or slaves of interest. It is also supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations. Thus, for instance, the man of fashion seeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau-monde;* while the man of business looks no farther for it than the alley. I shall beg leave to illustrate this, by concluding this paper with a description of two characters; each of whom, though diametrically opposite to the other, has acquired a thorough knowledge of the world.

Sir Harry Flash had the good luck to be born before his brother Richard: consequently, the heir to the estate was bred a gentleman, and the other condemned to plod in the dull drudgery of business. The merchant was sent to learn accompts at the Academy upon Tower-Hill, and the baronet had the finishing of his education in France. Sir Harry is now a most accomplished fine gentleman, is an excellent judge of fashions, and can calculate the odds at any game, as readily as Hoyle or Demoivre: the Alderman is the most knowing man upon 'Change, and understands the rise and fall of stocks better than any Jew. Both of them know the world; but with this difference, that one by his consummate knowledge has run out of a large estate, while the other has raised a plum by it.

O.

N° 137. THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1756.

Hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino.
TER.

To all his guests a joke, the glutton lord
Seems the jack-pudding of his own rich board.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

WHAT cloying meat is love, when "matrimony is the sauce to it!" says Sir John Brute. But if he had been married to such an Epicurean consort as I am joined with, those expressions, that savour of the kitchen, would have been real, instead of metaphorical. We live in a land really flowing with milk and honey, and keep a house of entertainment for all comers and goers. We hardly ever sit down to table less in number than twenty or thirty, and very often to above double that number of dishes. In short, Sir, so much feasting has given me a surfeit.

There are, I see, scattered up and down your papers, several accounts of the petty distresses and domestic concerns of private families. As you have listened to many complaints from husbands, I flatter myself, you will not refuse your attention to the humble remonstrance of a wife; being assured, that my only reason for thus serving up my dear lord as a new dish to gratify the public taste, is to check (if possible) his violent passion for giving his friends entertainments of another kind; which, if indulged much longer, must eat us out of house and home.

The magnificent feasts of Timon of Athens, or the stories of old English Hospitality, would give you but a faint idea of the perpetual riot and luxury of our family. Our house is always stored with as large a quantity of provisions, as a garrison in expectation of a siege, and those too of the dearest and most extravagant kind. Ortolans and woodcocks are as common as sparrows, and red mullets are scarce a greater rarity with us than gudgeons or sprats; while turtle and venison are regarded as branches of citizen-luxury, which scarce deserve notice, among the many other delicacies in which we abound. Authors, they say, (you will pardon me, Mr. Town,) are seldom admitted to great entertainments; and I can assure you, that it is not easy for any, but those who are present, to conceive the parade and extravagance displayed in our house. I myself am condemned to sit at the head of the table, while my lord is placed at the other end, in pain and uneasiness at my aukward mistakes in doing the honours. You must know, Sir, that I was bred up under a housewifely aunt in the country, who taught me to pickle and preserve, and gave me, as I thought, a tolerable notion of cookery. But, alas! though I understand plain boiled and roast, and have a very good notion of a pudding, I am often totally ignorant of the names and compositions of the delicacies before me, and have imagined fish to be fowl, and mistaken a *petit patée* for a plebeian mince-pie. In the mean time, my lord is displaying his exquisite taste, by deciding upon every dish, and pronouncing, with a critical smack, upon the flavour of the wines; all the while not a little solicitous about the exactness of the removes, and the duly adjusting the *entremets*. Claret, burgundy, and champagne abound, like ale or small-beer; and even hermitage and tokay are swallowed with as little remorse as Port or Lisbon. To add to all this, is most absurdly introduced the French

custom of serving in *les liqueurs*; which consist of al most as many sorts as are contained in the advertise ments from the Rich Cordial Warehouse. In a word every common dinner with us is a feast; and whe we have what my lord calls an entertainment, it is a absolute debauch.

But there is no part of this monstrous expence af fects me so much, as the vast sums ridiculously la vished on a desert. This piece of folly and extrava gance could be nothing but the joint product of a Frenchman and a confectioner. After the gratifica tion of the appetite with more substantial fare, th whip-syllabub raree-shew is served up, chiefly to fee the eye; not but that the materials, of which the de sert is composed, are as expensive as the several ingre dients in the dinner: and I will leave you to your ow method of rating the rest, after telling you, that m lord thinks himself an excellent economist, by havin reduced the expence of the hot-house to a thousan per ann. which perhaps the admirers of exotic fruit will not think dear, since we have pine-apples in great plenty as golden pippins or nonpareils.

One would think, that the first requisite in eat was extravagance; and that, in order to have thing very good, it must be produced at a time, whe it is out of season. Therefore one of the principa uses of our hot-house is to invert the order of nature and to turn winter into summer. We should b ashamed to see pease upon our table, while they are t be had at a common market; but we never spare an cost to provide a good crop, by the assistance of ou hot-beds, at Christmas. We have no relish for cucum bers during the summer months, when they are rarity; but we take care to have them forced in No vember. But my lord mostly prides himself on the im provements, that he has made in his mushroom-beds which he has at length brought to so great perfection

that by the help of horse-dung, and throwing artificial sun-beams through a burning-glass, we can raise any quantity of mushrooms, of the right Italian kind, at two hours warning.

From the hot-house we may make a very natural transition to the kitchen; and as in the former every thing must be produced out of season, so every thing in the latter must undergo a strange metamorphosis. The ordinary distinctions of fish, flesh, and fowl, are quite destroyed; and nothing comes upon table under it's proper form and appellation, It is impossible to conceive, what vast sums are melted down into sauces! We have a cargo of hams every year from Westphalia, only to extract the essence of them for our soups; and we kill a brace of bucks every week, to make a coulis of the haunches. Half a dozen turkies have been killed in one day, merely for the sake of the pinions; I have known a whole pond dragged, to furnish a dish of carps' palates; and ten legs of mutton mangled raw, to make out a dish of pope's eyes.

The concomitant charges of the cellar, you will imagine, are no less extravagant; and, indeed, it is not enough, that we abound in the best French and Italian wines, (which, by the bye, are purchased on the spot at an extraordinary price) but we must have several other kinds of the highest value, and consequently of most delicious flavour; and though but a taste of each has been sipped round by the company, the same bottles must never be brought a second time upon table, but are secured as perquisites by the butler, who sells them to the merchant, who sells them back again to my lord. Besides these, his lordship has lately been at an immense charge in raising a Pinery, in order to try the experiment of making Cyder of Pine-apples; which he hopes to do at little more than treble the expence of Champagne. To this article I might also add the charge of his Ice-

houses: for although these are stored with a commodity, originally of no value; yet I may to say, that every drop of water comes as dea as the most costly of our wines.

As all our liquors, I have told you, are of growth, and all our dishes distinguished by titles, you will readily conceive, that our hou chiefly composed of foreigners. The *Maitre* is a Frenchman: the butler out of livery, and under butlers, are Frenchmen: the clerk of the is a Frenchman: and Monsieur Fricando, the cook, to be sure, is a Frenchman. This gen never soils his fingers in touching the least bit thing; but gives his orders (like a general) subalterns, who are likewise Frenchmen. The the confectioner, the very scullions, and even low that looks after the poultry, are, all o Frenchmen. These, you may be sure, are mai at very high salaries: and though Monsieur F had the pay of a captain in a marching regime lord was forced to double his wages at the be of the war, and allow him the free exercise of gion, to prevent his leaving the kingdom.

I am sorry to add, that this pride of kee table has visibly impaired my lord's fortune: a very summer he has been obliged to fell all the on his estate, as I may say, to keep up his kitch The only satisfaction, which he can possibly re all this expence, is the vanity of having it said nobody treats so elegantly as his lordship;' a and then perhaps reading in the newspapers such a day the right honourable —— gave a gr tertainment at his house in ——, at which we sent the principal officers of state and Foreig sters.'

I am, Sir, your humble serva

N° 138. THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1756.

Servatâ semper lege et ratione loquendi.
HOR.

Your talk to decency and reason suit,
Nor prate like fools, or gabble like a brute.

IN the comedy of the Frenchman in London, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of how do you do? Our nation has indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a Marquis and a *Valet de Chambre*, We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace, and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in

discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can: but it often happens, that those, who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the

neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb shew with their own persons in the looking-glass: as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before, we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Professed Speakers. And first, the Emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and;* which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will not

condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, a
Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articu
all, may be joined very agreeably together in c
and to these tinkling cymbals I would also a
sounding brass; the Bawler, who inquires aft
health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are a
adapted to the "soft parts of conversation
sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very
music from a beautiful face and a female tongu
from a rough manly voice and coarse feature
nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig
hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken
former paper; but the Half-swearers, who
mince, and fritter their oaths into gad's bud, a
and demmee, the Gothic Humbuggers, and th
"nick-name God's creatures," and call a man
bage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and a
countable muskin, should never come into co
without an interpreter. But I will not tire my
patience by pointing out all the pests of conver
nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pro
dogmatically on the most trivial points, and s
sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wo
what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it w
or no, or wondering when the moon change
Phraseologists, who explain a thing by all t
enter into particulars with this and that and t
and, lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afi
opening their mouths, lest they should catc
and literally observe the precept of the Gos
letting their conversation be only yea yea, a
nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by converse
one of our principal distinctions from brute
should therefore endeavour to turn this peculia
to our advantage, and consider the organs of sp

the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understood one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes, as any Signor or Signora for an Italian Air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs: Snarlers are Curs, that continually shew their teeth, but never bite; and the Spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-Owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses: critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my

readers in mind of a Dunghill cock; but as I must acquaint them, that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

W.

N° 139. THURSDAY, SEPT. 23, 1756.

——Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.——

HOR.

Now to the utmost all your labours charge,
And shew your mighty consequence at large.

I WROTE to my Cousin Village, informing him of my design to finish with the next number; and have received the following answer from him, which I shall lay before my readers.

DEAR COUSIN,

It was not without some regret, that I received advice of your intentions to bid adieu to the public: for, as you had been so kind as to introduce me to their notice, I began to indulge all the weakness and vanity of a young author; and had almost persuaded myself, that I was the principal support of your papers. Conscious of my own importance, I expect that you will do me the justice to acknowledge, how much you are indebted to the assistance of your very ingenious Cousin; and I care not how many compliments you pay me on my wit and learning: but at the same time I must beg leave to put in a caveat against your disposing

of me in what manner you yourself please. Writers of essays think themselves at liberty to do what they will with the characters they have introduced into their works; as writers of tragedy, in order to heighten the plot, have often brought their heroes to an untimely end, when they have died quietly many years before in their beds; or as our chroniclers of daily occurrences put a duke to death, give away an heiress in marriage, or shoot off an admiral's legs, whenever they please. Mr. Addison, while he was carrying on the Spectator, said, "he would kill Sir Roger de Coverly, that nobody else might murder him." In like manner, my dear Cousin, you may perhaps take it into your head to cut me off: you may make an end of me by a cold caught in partridge-shooting, or break my neck in a stag-hunt. Or you may rather chuse to settle me perhaps with a rich old country dowager, or press me into the army, or clap me on board of a man of war. But I desire that you will not get rid of me by any of these means; but permit me to assure your readers, that I am alive and merry; and this is to let them know, that I am in good health at this present writing.

Your papers, I assure you, have made a great noise in the country; and the most intelligent among us read you with as much satisfaction as the Evening Posts or the Weekly Journals. I know more than one 'squire, who takes them in constantly with the Magazines; and I was told by the post-master of a certain town, that they came down every week, under cover, to the butler of a member of parliament. There is a club of country parsons, who meet every Saturday at a neighbouring market-town, to be shaved and exchange sermons: they have a subscription for books and pamphlets; and the only periodical works ordered in by them are the Connoisseur, and the Critical and Monthly Reviews. I was lately introduced to this

society, when the conversa hap t
Mr. Town. A young c e,
said he knew you very w at
you was a comical d out a
less positively, that y was either a pe r
nity, or a commoner of Bennet's. Peo
very much perplexed about the r author:
affirm, that you are a nobleman; wil
it, that you are an actor: some say y re a
lawyer, some a physician, some a on, and
an old woman.

The subjects of your papers have often
to various interpretations by our penetrati
and you have hardly drawn a character,
been fixed on one or other of the greatest perso
in the nation. I once heard a country justice e
his wonder, that you was not taken up, and set
pillory; and I myself, by some of my rural i
gence, have brought upon you the resentment of
ral honest 'squires, who long to horse-whip the a
drel for putting them in print. Others in are
at a loss how to pick out your meani
turn over their Bailey's dictionary for
of several fashionable phrases; which, thou
have enriched the town-language, have not yet
their way into the dialect of the country. Man
quisite strokes of humour are also lost upon us, c
count of our distance from the scene of action
that wit, which is very brisk and lively upon the
often times wholly evaporates in the post-bag.

You moralists are very apt to flatter yourselve
you are doing a vast deal of good by y
but whatever reformation you may have w
town, give me leave to tell you, that you have
times done us harm in the country, by the l
tion of the vices and follies now in vogue. In
intelligence, some of our most p

learned, that it is highly genteel to have a rout; and some have copied the fashion so exactly, as to play at cards on Sundays. Your papers upon dress set all our belles to work in following the mode: you no sooner took notice of cocked hats, but every hat in the parish was turned up behind and before; and when you told us, that the town beauties went naked, our rural damsels immediately began to throw off their clothes. Our gentlemen have been also taught by you all the new arts of betting and gaming: and the only coffee-house in one little town, where the most topping inhabitants are used to meet to play at draughts and back-gammon, has, from the great increase of gamesters who resort to it, been elegantly christened by the name of White's.

As to the small share which I myself have had in your work, you may be sure every body here is hugely delighted with it; at least you may be sure, that I will say nothing to the contrary. I have done my best to contribute to the entertainment of your readers: and, as the name of Steele is not forgotten in the Spectator, though Addison has run away with almost all the honour, I am in hopes, that whenever the great Mr. Town is mentioned, they may possibly think at the same time on

Your affectionate Cousin and Coadjutor,

VILLAGE.

After this account, which my Cousin has sent me, of the reception I have met with in the country, it will be proper to say something of my reception here in town. I shall therefore consider myself in the threefold capacity of Connoisseur, Critic, and Censor-General. As a Connoisseur, in the confined sense of the word. I must own I have met with several mortifications, I have neither been made F. R. S. nor even a member of the Academy of Bourdeaux or Petersburgh. They have left me out of the list of trustees to

never sent one to me. I have not been celeb
the Philosophical Transactions, or in any of c
gazines of Arts and Sciences; nor have I bee
tres-illustre or *tres-sçavant* in any of the foreig
curies or Journals Literaires. Once, indeed, I
myself in the vain thought of having been distin
by the great Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, un
title of Eruditissimus Urbanus, which I conc
be the name of Town latinized; but, to my gr
appointment, I afterwards discovered, that thi
other than the learned Naturalist, Mr. Silvanus
author of the Gentleman's Magazine. This
of me, as a Connoisseur, I can attribute to r
cause, than to my not having made myself kn
my Musæum, or Cabinet of Curiosities: and
the truth, I am not worth a farthing in antique
nor have I so much as one single shell or b
All my complaints against the modern innova
taste have been therefore disregarded: and wi
cern I still see the villas of our citizens fanc
adorned with Chinese palings, and our streets
bered with superb colonnades, porticos, Gothic
and Venetian windows, the ordinary decorat
the shops of our tradesmen.

Nor have I, as a Critic, met with greater
or encouragement, in my endeavours to refc
present taste in literature. I expected to h

han once shewed my contempt for Harlequin, I am assured there are no less than three Pantomimes to be brought on this season. As I invested myself with the dignity of supreme judge in theatrical matters, I was in hopes, that my Lord Chamberlain would at least have appointed me his Deputy-Licenser; but he has not even consulted me on any one new play. I made no doubt, but the managers would pay their court to me: but they have not once sent for me to dinner; and, so far from having the freedom of the house, I declare I have not had so much as a single order from any of the under-actors.

(In my office of Censor-General, though I cannot boast of having over-turned the card-tables at routs and assemblies, or broke up the club at Arthur's, I can safely boast, that I have routed the many-headed monster at the Disputant society at the Robin Hood, and put to silence the great Clare-market Orator. In a word, I have laboured to prevent the growth of vice and immorality; and with as much effect as the justices of the quarter-sessions.) For this reason I expected to have been put in the commission, and to have had the power of licensing all places of public diversion vested solely in my hands. But as I find my merits have been hitherto over-looked, I am determined to lay down my office; and in my next number I shall take my final leave of the public, when I shall give them an account of my correspondents, together with a full and particular account of myself.

T.

N° 140. THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1756.

Vel Duo, vel nemo. ———

PERS.

Censor nor He, nor He; or Both, or none;
A Twofold Author, Messieurs Mr. Town.

——— *Pene gemelli,*
Fraternis Animis. ———

HOR.

Sure in the self-same mould their minds were cast,
Twins in affection, judgment, humour, taste.

PERIODICAL writers, who retail their sense or nonsense to the world sheet by sheet, acquire a sort of familiarity and intimacy with the public, peculiar to themselves. Had these three volumes, which have swelled by degrees to their present bulk, burst forth at once, Mr. Town must have introduced himself to the acquaintance of the public with the aukward air and distance of a stranger: but he now flatters himself, that they will look upon him as an old companion, whose conversation they are pleased with; and, as they will see him no more after this time, will now and then perhaps miss their usual visitor.

However this may be, the authors of the Connoisseur now think proper to close the undertaking, in which they have been engaged for near three years past: and among their general thanks to the indulgent readers of their papers, they must include in a particular manner their acknowledgments to those, who have been pleased to appear in them as writers. They have, therefore, at the close of their work, brought Mr.

Town and his associates on the scene together, like the dramatis personæ at the end of the last act.

Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K. and we are sorry, that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions. To him we are proud to own ourselves indebted for most part of N° 14 and 17; for the letter, signed Goliah English, in N° 19; for a great part of N° 33 and 40; and for the letter, signed Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbridge, Moses Orthodox, and Tho. Vainall, N° 102, 107, 113, and 129.

The next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge, who signed himself A. B. and we cannot but regret that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the letters in N° 46, 49, and 52, and of the essays in N° 62 and 64.

The letters in N° 82, 98, 112, and 130, came from various hands, equally unknown to us. The imitation of Horace, in N° 11, was written (as we are informed) by a gentleman of Oxford: and from two gentlemen of Cambridge we received the letter, signed W. Manly, in N° 65, and another, signed B. A. in N° 107.

These unexpected marks of favour, conferred on us by strangers, demand our highest gratitude: but we are no less happy in being able to boast the assistance of some other gentlemen, whom we are proud to call friends, though we are not at liberty to introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers. From a friend engaged in the Law, we had the first sketches and most striking passages of N° 75, 78, 87, and 104; though, it may be regretted by the public as well as ourselves, that his leisure would not permit him to put the finishing hand to them. From a friend, a gentleman of the Temple, we received N° 111, 115, and

119. To a friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, we are indebted for the song in N° 72, and the verses in N° 67, 90, 125, and 135. The list of contributions from such capable friends would doubtless have been much larger, had they been sooner let into the secret: but as Mr. Town, like a great prince, chose to appear *incog.* in order to avoid the impertinence of the multitude, he did not even make himself known to those about his person, till at last they themselves found him out through his disguise.

There are still remaining two correspondents, who must stand by themselves: as they have wrote to us not in an assumed character, but *in propria persona:* the first is no less a personage than the great Orator Henley, who obliged us with that truly original letter, printed in N° 37. The other, who favoured us with a letter, no less original, in N° 70, we have reason to believe, is a Methodist teacher and mechanic; but we do not know either his name or his trade.

We now come to the most important discovery of ourselves, and to answer the often-repeated question of, who is Mr. Town? it being the custom for periodical writers, at the same time that they send the hawkers abroad with their last dying speech like the malefactors, like them also to couple it with a confession. The general method of unravelling this mystery is by declaring, to whom the different signatures, affixed to different papers, are appropriated. For ever since the days of the inimitable Spectator, it has been usual for a bold capital to stand, like a sentry, at the end of our essays, to guard the author in secrecy: and it is commonly supposed, the writer, who does not chuse to put his name to his work, has in this manner, like the painters and statuaries of old, at least set his mark. But the Authors of the Connoisseur confess, that the several letters, at first pitched upon to bring up the rear of their essays, have been annexed

to different papers at random, and sometimes omitted, on purpose to put the sagacious reader on a wrong scent. It is particularly the interest of a writer, who prints himself out week by week, to remain unknown, during the course of this piece-meal publication. The best method, therefore, to prevent a discovery, is to make the road to it as intricate as possible; and, instead of seeming to aim at keeping the reader entirely in the dark, to hang out a kind of wandering light, which only serves to lead him astray. The desire of giving each writer his due, according to the signatures, has, in the course of this undertaking, often confused the curious in their inquiries. Soon after the publication of our first papers, some ingenious gentlemen found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom sheltered himself under a particular letter; but no paper appearing with an N affixed to it, they were obliged to give up this notion. But, if they had been more able decypherers, they would have made out, that though T, O, W, will not compose the name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrangement of the letters, it will form the word TWO; which is the grand mystery of our signatures, and couches under it the true and real number of the Authors of the Connoisseur.

Having thus declared Mr. Town to consist of two separate individuals, it will perhaps be expected, that, like two tradesmen, who have agreed to dissolve their partnership, we should exactly balance our accounts, and assign to each his due parcel of the stock. But our accounts are of so intricate a nature, that it would be impossible for us to adjust them in that manner. We have not only joined in the work taken together, but almost every single paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend, that any one particular part is

the sole workmanship of either.) An hint has
been started by one of us, improved by the oth
still further heightened by an happy coalition o
ment in both; as fire is struck out by a mutu
sion of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada'
conversing with the sympathetic needles, w
written papers together at fifty miles distan
each other: the first rough draught or loose
of an essay have often travelled in the stag
from town to country, and from country to tow
we have frequently waited for the post-man
we expected to bring us the precious remaind
Connoisseur) with the same anxiety, as we
wait for the half of a bank note, without w
other half would be of no value. These o
labours, it may easily be imagined, would ha
broke off abruptly, if either had been too fon
tached to his own little conceits, or if we ha
versed together with the jealousy of a rival,
complaisance of a formal acquaintance, who
every word that is said by his companion. No
this work have been carried on, with so much
fulness and good-humour on both sides, if t
had not been as closely united, as the two St
whom the Spectator mentions, as recorded
Terræ Filius at Oxford, "to have had but on
one purse, one chamber, and one hat."

It has been often remarked, that the reader
desirous of picking up some little particulars c
ing the author of the book, which he is pe
To gratify this passion, many literary anecdot
been published, and an account of their life,
ter and behaviour, has been prefixed to the w
our most celebrated writers. Essayists are con
expected to be their own Biographers: and
our readers may require some further intel
concerning the Authors of the Connoisseur.

have all along appeared as a sort of *Sosias* in li-
ure, they cannot now describe themselves any
wise, than as one and the same person; and can
satisfy the curiosity of the public, by giving a
account of that respectable personage Mr. Town,
dering him as of the plural, or rather (according
e Græcians) of the dual number.

r. Town is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short
. He wears his own hair, and a periwig. He is
t thirty years of age, and not more than four and
ty. He is a student of the law, and a batchelor
hysic. He was bred at the university of Oxford;
e having taken no less than three degrees, he
down on many learned professors, as his infe-
: yet, having been there but little longer than to
the first degree of bachelor of arts, it has more
once happened, that the Censor-general of all
and has been reprimanded by the Censor of his
ge, for neglecting to furnish the usual essay, or
ie collegiate phrase) the theme of the week.

iis joint description of ourselves will, we hope,
y the reader, without any further information.
our own parts, we cannot but be pleased with
ig raised this monument of our mutual friend-
and if these essays shall continue to be read,
1 they will no longer make their appearance as
ugitive pieces of the week, we shall be happy in
dering, that we are mentioned at the same time.
ave all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand
her: and while we are both employed in furnish-
natter for the paper now before us, we cannot
smiling at our thus making our exit together, like
wo Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.

W. O.

THE END.

J. M'Creery, Printer,
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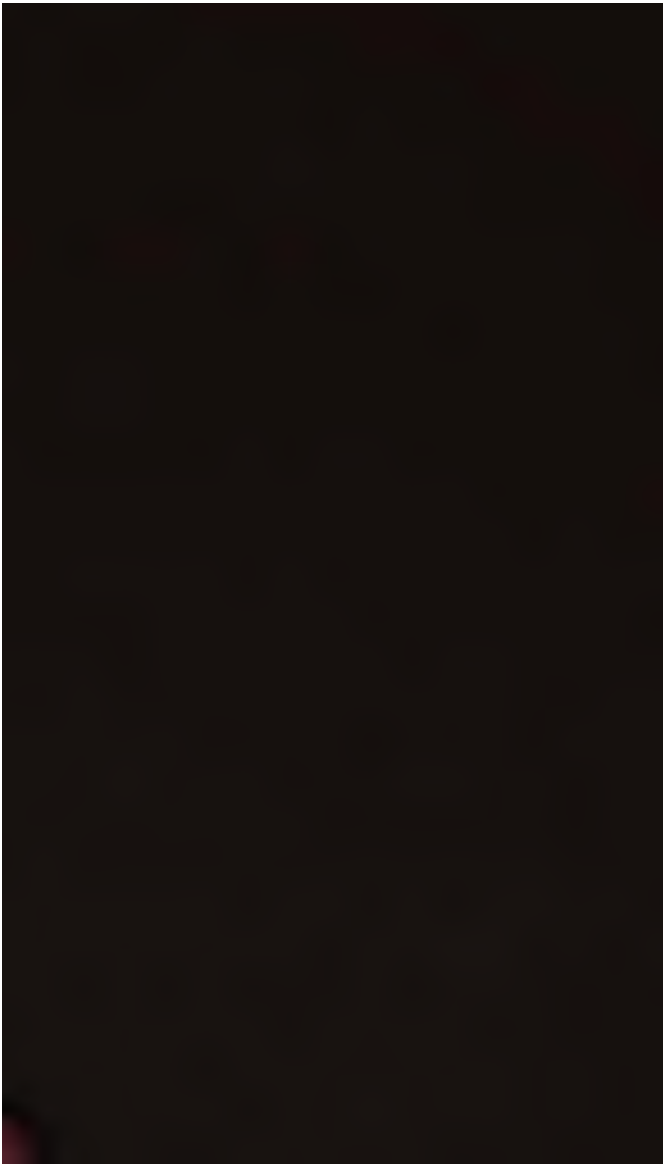
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